TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

Marsden, the dramatist, I think it was, who said, "Dreams are indigestion; love is dreams without the indigestion; marriage is the indigestion without the dreams." Rumor has been alleging for a long time that the marital life of President Cleveland and his pretty wife has arrived at a still more violent stage than the indigestion without the dreams. It has been said that the President was not only unkind to his wife, but actually thumped her. Over a year ago I got a letter from a prominent lady evangelist and temperance reformer, so well known in this country that her name shall be nameless, offering to sell me for corrupting gold full particulars of a Presidential wife-beating spree in Washington where she was then sojourning. I didn't believe the story then; I don't now. The fact that this choice article of scandal, though evidently listed in the market, found no buyers either in Canada or the United States seems to me conclusive evidence that no one was prepared to believe or print such a tale. It has been left to Chauncey M. Depew, the great after-dinner orator one time spoken of as a probable candidate for the Presidency, to regale a knot of gentlemen with the story that one night Mrs. Cleveland went to the theater with Henry Watterson, the notorious Kentucky editor, and on her return her husband jawed her, called nasty names, and finally slapped her face. Mr. Depew carefully hedged himself about by the statement that he did not credit the story, but having been repeated by so prominent a man it soon got into the newspapers and the scandal became general, and is a good illustration of how any man who is mean enough to repeat or start almost any tale and protect himself by the saving clause that he does not believe in what he has stated, can do a vast deal of harm. In this way a man can, by courteous implication, call himself a liar and then let the lie do its work. If a man does not believe a story, particularly one affecting a lady, he shows good sense and decent instincts by keeping it to himself. Mr. Depew has been brought to task, and this story can do no more harm.

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Sometimes we suspect Sir Charles Tupper of having become too imperialistic in his ideas and fear he is spending more of his time in London trying to ingratiate himself with the nobility than to further the interests of Canada, but at the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday night, speaking on Imperial Federation, he had nerve enough to throw some rhetorical cold water on the highfalutin of previous speakers. He intimated that Canada was not yet prepared to accept some cut and dried federation theory in exchange for the privileges she now enjoys. The majority of the other "noble" speakers jumped on him at once, as having tried to throw a wet blanket on the scheme. Lord Lorne happened to be chairman and also happened to know something about Canada and the colonies and sided with Sir Charles. Probably they were the only two who knew what they were talking about. When Canadian matters are being discussed in England, we are in great luck when there are two people within hearing who are not entirely ignorant of the facts.

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In the evening of the nineteenth century, with the bright light of intelligence shining around us, and the fire of a love of liberty in government and conscience burning within us, the announcement that the Pope will permit Catholic Italians to vote, strikes the tympanum of the western ear as a piece of as great rubbish as if Queen Victoria should issue a proclamation kindly permitting her subjects to breathe. Taken in the same connection, and as another indication that His Holiness is endeavoring with his pontifical broom to sweep back the irresistible tide of popular tendency in temporal matters to do as they blame please, comes his refusal to bless the medals and reliquaries sent to Rome by an Irish priest who intended to distribute them in Ireland. The Pope is reported as having sternly said "I cannot bless them. The people of Ireland are disobedient; they seem to prefer the gospel of Dillon and O'Brien to the gospel of Jesus Christ." As I hinted before on this subject, when the Irish people come to understand that the Pope may be mistaken in his interpretations of the doctrines of Dillon and O'Brien they may also be led up to the perhaps unwarrantable idea that he is not exactly correct in his interpretations of divine doctrines. No doubt Dillon and O'Brien have countenanced many wrong things, agitated in a wrong way, but the fact remains that the Irish people believe that Dillon and O'Brien are working for the right thing and will not thank the Pope for taking a hand against them. This crucial test of the fidelity of the Irish people will no doubt result in shaking their belief in the infallibility of the Pope, and once started thinking they will begin acting and Ireland will cease to be the greatest stronghold of the papacy. Many wonder that Roman Catholicism holds such undisputed sway among the Irish—when speaking of the Irish here I mean the native races—and it has often been a marvel how the priests have maintained such a wonderful influence on the French of Lower Canada. In both instances the answer is that this hold has been maintained by working on a national idea rather than on religious feeling. The priests in Ireland and Quebec have been the Nationalists, they have kept alive the fire of the race and the love of their traditions. If the Nationalist problem were settled in either Ireland or Quebec, if neither the French race in Canada nor the Irish people in Ireland were threatened by a great Protestant power in the midst of which they have become isolated, the power of the papacy would wane with such rapidity that His Holiness the Pope would be astounded.

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William Hohenzollern finding some leisure after performing the duties of Emperor of Germany is writing a book, a narrative of his travels. It will be illustrated by himself and the artist Salzmann, which is to say that Salzmann will make the pictures and William will sign them. The editing will no doubt fall to some German professor who will follow the above plan, and the young man will not find his task as tedious as if you or I were trying to ornately describe how we had been "full" in seven different languages—that appearing to have been the chief event of his tour. Notwithstanding this, the young man who had to go to bed with the ear-ache after he got home will have it still worse after the critics get at his book and try to prove that in flattering one nation he has deliberately insulted another. There is one thing about the young Emperor, he is industrious—too much so, his officials think, and this opinion is shared by his neighbors, who suspect that he is hunting for a chance to whip somebody, just to keep himself out of worse mischief. So far he has interfered with nearly everybody in that section of the earth where his influence is law, and his soldiers and servants cannot even wear a mustache or imperial to suit themselves, but have to be shaved to please this young autocrat, who has apparently resolved on doing the entire thinking for Germany.

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In the days when I lived on the farm and horse trading used to be a leading industry the primary rule governing these transactions was that when swapping a horse it was necessary to watch everybody—preachers particularly. Some of the zealous and self-sacrificing itinerants, who used to hold meetings in the old schoolhouse at "early candle light," got to have a very fine appreciation of the fine points of a horse, and were not slow to let one of their brethren trade himself out of a good one in exchange for a footsore animal who was no longer fit to carry the messenger of glad tidings from place to place. The experience of the shareholders of the Central Bank is somewhat in the same direction, and after viewing the startling size of the bill presented by the liquidators they may begin to think that even piety may put too big a price on what it has to sell. The itemized bills of Messrs. Howland and Gooderham would perhaps read something like this:

To prayers for guidance	$ 500 00
To feeling that they are answered	500 00
To extra work to see that there is no mistake about the answer	500 00
To good influence on those who came to pay their double liability	5,000 00
To lawsuits with those who did not want to pay any liability	3,000 00
To daily mention of the destitute widows and orphans at the throne of grace	3,000 00
To a few words of prayer with men entirely ruined by failure of bank	550 00
To feeling sorry for those who are almost ruined	1,000 00
To time spent telling reporters what great things we are doing	1,000 00
To actual work at $300 a month	3,300 00
	$13 350 00

P.S.—On account of the widows and orphans we throw off the odd cents; please tell the newspapers about it.)

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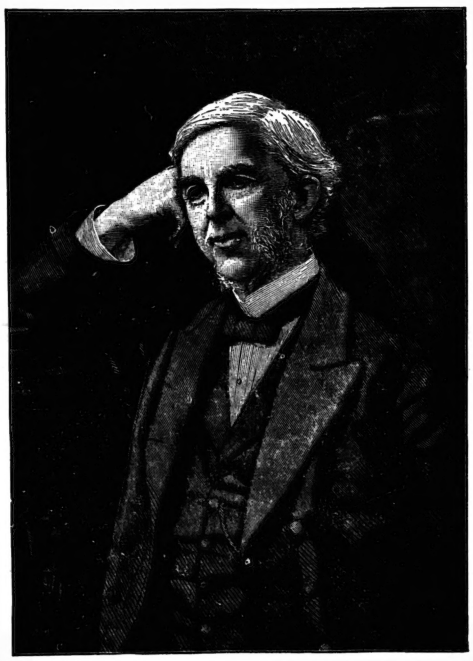
This bill can reasonably be explained on the general basis which Mr. Howland has adopted as an excuse for his somewhat startling figures. He has told the reporters that he worked for two years for the city for nothing. (He got a couple of thousand dollars a year, but that is nothing—to speak of.) As one gentleman has pointed out, his assessment indicates that that is pretty nearly as much as he had been making before he went into the mayoralty business, and no one would suspect Mr. Howland of concealing the facts from the assessors. At any rate his argument is that having worked two years for nothing he calculates to strike a general average by making a good



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

spec this year. Now, for many years he has labored as a missionary, done much good too, but it would be quite as just for him to demand that the prayers he offered up in Mission Hall having been given free, he is justified in putting in his bill for all the prayers he has offered this year, according to the received ideas of the English tariff of so much per prayer. He desires to suggest that we have no right to expect his services for nothing, and that the shareholders are a very hard-hearted people if they object to having his past supplications bunched into the present bill. Mr. Howland certainly deserves a living, a good living too, for he is smart—a man who was not smart could not get up a bill like that. He must have given much more thought to it than he did to the plans of the Don improvement where work was started as it were in the middle and pushed backwards and forwards from both ends without a plan at all. Moreover it being the first piece of work he has touched which has not gone sour on his hands he deserves extra pay for it, unless we are led to the uncharitable suspicion that he is not the one responsible for the success of the speedy liquidation.

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While endeavoring in the most rational manner possible to explain Mr. Howland's bill, it becomes more difficult to account for Brother Gooderham's extensive demands. He owes his wealth not so much to his brilliant abilities as to having had a father who made an excellent brand of whisky. He has been exceedingly generous in giving money to churches and charitable objects, and when it was understood that he would work for nothing he got the appointment and must have been very obtuse indeed if he did not understand the terms on which the shareholders supposed he had been engaged. I have very little doubt but that the money he gets will be devoted to some good object; yet it is questionable whether the harm he will do to the cause he venerates will not more than overbalance for the good his money will accomplish. He is a thoroughly honest man, but this fact will not save him from the suspicion of having dishonestly obtained the appointment and the fees, and no good can be accomplished with money which public opinion imagines has been wrongfully wrung from those who had more need of and greater right to it than he had. I imagine Mr. Gooderham has been influenced to change his original intention by his fellow liquidators, who must have felt that even moderate bills from them would look startlingly out of proportion to his generous donation of time and energy. Mr. Gooderham cannot defend his demand as the others can, because he left no business to engage in liquidation as Mr. Howland did. A year ago now the latter announced that he would not be a candidate for a third term because his father was getting old and filial love incited him to bear a portion of the old gentleman's burdens. Just now accepting the liquidatorship of the Central Bank helped Mr. Howland, sr., with his work is not apparent, but it is evident that Mr. Howland left a couple of thousand a year to which he could not have been re-elected, and it is plain that this sacrifice is sufficient warrant for trying to get nearly as much per month in '88 as he got per year in '86 and '87. Mr. Howland says he has the faculty of making money. No doubt he has, yet when he went into the mayoralty business there was a lawsuit because he hadn't enough to qualify on.

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As to Mr. Lye, it strikes me that he has only asked about three times too much, which is more than can be said of the other two. Surely $12,000 or $15,000 should pay the whole three.

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The Jarvis street people are passing around a petition for an asphalt pavement which is to cost $2.75 per square yard. The idea of having a first-class pavement on so handsome a street, is a good one, but I very much doubt whether they will be satisfied with asphalt. At present it is a quiet street, not largely used by horsemen and carters; if asphalt is put on, it would at once become a thoroughfare for all the heavily loaded farmers' wagons coming into market. They would turn off Yonge street at Bloor, to avoid the street cars, and pour down that asphalt roadway from four o'clock in the morning till every soul on the street was awake. Wheels make very little noise on that sort of roadway, but horses feet as they pound along are enough to waken the dead. Loads are so easily drawn over the smooth asphalt surface that it would be irresistible to the farmer who would haul his grain, his hogs and his butter over it, until, instead of being a safe and quiet street it would become the most dangerous thoroughfare running north and south. Horse-trots, runaways and noisy traffic will mark what is now a peaceful locality. A little money spent in putting the street in repair would be a much better investment at present than this expensive pavement which will certainly be unsatisfactory to every one concerned, the main reasons being the expense, and, as I have said before, the fact that an asphalt street without a car track on it in competition with Yonge and Church will make it exactly what the residents of Jarvis street don't want—a noisy thoroughfare.

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It is very seldom a church has to expel people from the Galt Kirk has been endeavoring to eliminate a number of its members who have taken to the "perfect holiness" idea. One remarkable feature about those who are possessed of this fad is that as a rule they make trouble. A little band of them got working in the church where I rent a pew and there was a heap of trouble on the pastor's mind until he made them stop. They talked it everywhere, at bible-class and prayer meeting, and those of us who were not perfectly holy began to feel real mean. For my part I cannot imagine how either a man or woman instinct with life and the passions of to-day and surrounded by the temptations of this wicked world in which we are all so willing to stay, can feel that he or she is without sin. As a rule I look at them with wonder or disgust—with wonder when they live up to their professions and are outwardly, in all the relations of life, above criticism or suspicion; with disgust when they are as bad as myself and think themselves so much better. Of the former class I have a notable instance in my mind. His name is Coolidge Davis, and everyone who knows him will understand who I mean. His life is as beautiful as the sweetest psalm. He is always happy, and the smile on his face is a mirror of the sanctified contentment which seems to possess his soul. Though working for wages as a shoemaker, he spends his noon hour singing in some mission meeting, his evenings in speaking or singing to the navvies on the Don or elsewhere, with the Salvation Army, or at class or prayer meeting, in fact anywhere where he can talk of the theme which seems to engross his whole being. I would rather hear him sing than Patti, though Davis is by no means as good a singer as the great diva. Perhaps he is not a good singer at all, but he pours out a flood of earnestness, his face lights up, and even a stranger feels like going up and shaking his hand and saying "of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Anybody can rob him, though the man who would swindle him ought to get penitentiary for life. He gets no job as liquidator of a bank or anything else; he is not after them. In him the idea of perfect holiness rebukes the exceeding imperfections of the flesh to which I must confess heinous guilt. When he sings I feel sorry that I am not built on the same plan as he is; when he prays for a few transient minutes there is an impulse within me to brace up and act that way myself. His influence is for good and I can picture him getting a seat away up on the steps of the heavenly throne with the biggest harp among the angels that sing their hallelujahs all the glorified and eternal day, though, come to think of it, I can't picture an angel or anyone else singing hallelujahs all the time; it would be monotonous even in heaven.

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The other kind, however, of perfectly holy people are not nice. They get so good after a while that they won't speak to anyone except the perfect, and that bars out nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand and reduces their conversation almost to a soliloquy, and doesn't even give the preacher a chance. Notwithstanding their imperfections and the awful consequences of a profession which is so immeasurably superior to the lives of those making it, I cannot see how a church is justified in expelling even those who, even from an unbounded egotism or spiritual elation, can imagine that they walk in God and are pure and sinless. That, of course, is the ideal life which Christians are supposed to imitate if they are incapable of realizing it. It may be a sort of fanaticism, but it is better to have fanaticism in a church than nothing, and any sensible pastor can keep it within bounds, except in instances of flagrant phariseeism, which does not appear to be the case with the indicted members of the Galt Kirk.

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A correspondent requests me to add, as one of the reasons why people stay away from church, the persistent dunning which is carried on, not only at Sunday services, but through the week-day classes and meetings. My correspondent complains that even at bible-class, Dorcas Society and everywhere else, there is the same cry for subscription to some fund, and people are asked to stand up if they will give five dollars to the missionaries in Hong Kong for Yang-te-se-gobang. She, while willing to subscribe to missionaries, hates to be bull-dozed out of a dollar by being made to feel mean if she does not subscribe. Take for example fifty women of all degrees from wealth to poverty. Those who will give five dollars are asked to stand up. Three-fourths of those who rise from their seats are really unable to stand such a subscription and do it because they don't want to look small. They pay their five dollars in that instance and stay away afterwards so that they cannot be put in the same predicament again. Expensive churches, ill-advised expenditure in foreign missions, etc., keep the nose of the average church-goer close to the grindstone. This Sunday the interest on the church debt has to be paid, next Sunday it is the consolidated fund that makes an appeal, next Sunday the general fund; then there are foreign missions and home missions, and then collections for the education of preachers and later for an endowment for a college and then the salary of the secretary of something has to be raised and by that time you get back again to the church debt, and the same dreary round of dunning has to go on. While some of the churches in Toronto are only half filled, new ones are being built, new debts incurred, new rows excited; the faction in one tabernacle goes off in a huff and has a fight before the mortar under the new corner stone is dry, and to keep up this miserable pretense of real scandals are caused and those unable to contribute are forced to deprive themselves of the necessities of life or their children of proper education to keep the church buildings from falling into the hands of the sheriff or their parson from being dragged into the division court.

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By the way, the Board of Trade banquet is to be so much per plate without wine. If any one wants wine or plebeian drinks, where will they get it? No one will have power to sell it at the Pavilion! Does Bro. Wills intend to run an unlicensed joint for the thirsty? DOR.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Wherever our common language is spoken there the name of the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is also known and loved for that racy geniality which is such a marked characteristic of Oliver Wendell Holmes. In prose and in verse he is equally at home, witty, humorous, and pathetic by turns, always leaving his reader with an intense desire to meet and know the man personally, He is best known as the author of the above-mentioned work and the One Hoss Shay, each of which has attained a world-wide popularity. A pretty little poem written by him, La Grisette, was published in the poetry column of SATURDAY NIGHT a few weeks ago.

A photographer recently received back a proof from a customer who sent instructions to finish half a dozen pictures with his coat buttoned, and half a dozen with it unbuttoned. This is a specimen of the kind of things photographers generally have to put up with.

Last Saturday afternoon many friends of Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross of Peter street gathered at their house to a kettledrum. Mrs. Prince received in a heliotrope tea gown of rich poplin with lace front, and Miss Ross also wore a tea gown of navy satin and lace. Among those present were to be seen Mrs. Chas. Moss, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mrs. Fred Grasett, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. John Heward, Mrs. Bruce Riordon, Miss Alice Heward, Mr. and Mrs. R. Connolly, Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Duggan, Mrs. John Duggan, Miss Tulloh, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. Harry Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Maclean, Mrs. Harry Ferguson, Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. Wm. Armstrong, Mrs. Montagu White, Mr. White, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, the Misses Birchall, the Misses Scott, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Miss and Mr. Audry Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. George Holmestead, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Shanklin, Mrs. Chas. Winstanley, Miss Howitt, the Misses Capreol, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. H. J. Grasett, Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, Eng., and Miss L. Burton.

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Mr. Grant Stewart has posters out for a second entertainment, to be given in St. George's Schoolhouse on Monday next at eight o'clock. The programme consists of recitations and musicial sketches, the latter a style of entertainment being for the first time introduced to Toronto audiences by this gentleman. The idea was first hit upon by Mr. Corney Grain, the popular comic man in London, and more recently followed by Mr. George Grossmith and others, and consists of comic songs, a fire of original jokes and rambling conversation all descriptive of one subject. To do this one must have good histrionic power, and have two-thirds of the comic element in him. Mr. Grant Stewart has already made many friends as well as warm admirers during the few times he has entertained an audience here, and let us hope they will this time testify their good will by well patronizing his concert on Monday evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Cameron have returned from their honeymoon and are at their house on Cecil street.

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Apropos of Mrs. Prince's At Home I saw one remarkably handsome directoire gown of dark royal green velvet, fitting perfectly, with large Gainsborough hat to match. The latter was edged with white ostrich feathers round the broad brim, and tips of the same were mounted up from the side. The coat was open to display a waistcoat of some soft, white, silky, curled material like lamb's wool, only finer. It was one of the most stylish of all costumes I have seen this winter with the exception of Mrs. Fred. Moffatt's at her sister's wedding. Another velvet suit was of a faded shade of green and also relieved by cream. Mrs. Bain's hat was all green velvet and tips, turned up from the back, from where two strings, like a bonnet, were brought round and fastened under the chin. The idea is novel and becoming—to Mrs. Bain. Still another novelty in fashionable apparel was introduced at this gathering and that was one of those soft gray ostrich down boas, which was worn by a tall, handsome lady in a peculiar way. She had twisted it round her wide brimmed hat several times and brought it from thence round her throat. I am told this is to be a fashionable method of wearing the much abused boa. I certainly do not like the idea now, but, perhaps, like many other fashions which one is apt to condemn as odious when they first appear, this may trick me into believing it a becoming one yet. One can never be quite sure of one's self.

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The residence of G. B. Smith, M.P.P., on Sherbourne street, was brightened by the presence of a large gathering of friends who attended Mrs. Smith's At Home last Saturday afternoon. This pleasurable party was attended largely by the married friends of the host and hostess, many of whom are prominent in financial, business, professional and political circles. Fully one hundred and forty people accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Refreshments and Corlett's Band, which latter was at its best, materially assisted in providing a most pleasurable couple of hours to those who were fortunate enough to be present last Saturday afternoon.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Smith entertained about one hundred and twenty of their young friends. Dancing was one of the pleasant features of the evening and was enjoyed (as dancing always is when the arrangements are perfect) by a large number of the youth and beauty for which Toronto has always been famous. Many of the dresses were particularly handsome, more particularly those worn by some of our more recent brides.

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Mr. Phillips Stewart, a Canadian *litterateur*, and Capt. McGee gave a most pleasant dinner party at the National Club last Tuesday evening. Nearly every one of the guests acknowledges Toronto University as his alma mater. After dinner the evening was spent in discussing Canadian literature, in which sphere Mr. Stewart is one of the brightest lights, for not only in Canada but in the metropolis of the empire his book of poems has gained for him an honorable mention. Altogether the evening was a pleasant success, perhaps because the party was so thoroughly congenial and in fullest sympathy with literary men and literary matters. Amongst those present were Capt. Mutton, Mr. W. B. Willoughby, Mr. J. McG. Young, Mr. J. O. Miller, Mr. W. F. Maclean, Mr. W. H. Blake, Mr. Dugald Macmurchy, Mr. F. A. Drake, Mr. F. B. Hodgins, Mr. E. F. Blake, Mr. Creelman and Capt. Brock.

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Whilst waiting for the bridal party at a Toronto wedding the week before last, I overheard the following story told by a lady in the next pew: "At a recent marriage ceremony the contracting parties were thirty minutes behind time, and the expectant assembly was immensely tickled when the organ burst out with the strains of 'Oh dear, what can the matter be.'"

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Mr. Wilcox of New York has been staying with friends in Toronto and has shown that it is not only fair visitors from the States who can soon make many friends here.

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Mr. John Morrow has returned to town after a week's absence in New York.

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Captain and Mrs. Saunders of Devonshire, England, were in town this week. Captain Saunders has purchased a ranch in the North-West, and left yesterday to take possession of it.

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Mrs. George Torrance has been staying with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan in Hamilton, and assisted the latter in her important duties as manageress of the *cafe chantant* at the Hamilton Art Fair. This *cafe* is said to have been one of the most profitable parts of the whole show, and its takings to have amounted to some hundreds of dollars. I am told that the charge for cigarettes was ten cents, so that if this was the standard of prices a very large part of the receipts must have been clear profit.

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The climax of a month so barren of social events as to be almost without a precedent in what is wrongly called "the height of the season," has been reached this week. I disagree with those people who speak of December as "the height of the season," for in my experience of many years of Toronto gaiety, for one party in December there have always been two or three in January and February, and it is during those two months only that the season may be said to be "at its height;" still, call it what we may, I cannot remember an ante-Christmas winter (if I do not take into account what the theater has done for society) which has contained such a small number of red letter days. In the past week there has been no gathering of importance either by day or by night; the number even of informal five o'clock teas has fallen off, and those of and for whom I specially write, have done but little theater-going. It is surprising that the "real water," etc., of one play failed to attract them, but so it was. There have been about as many diners as usual.

"Men can live without love, what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

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The darkest hour is that before day. I am glad to be able to discover a rift in the cloud that has overhung Toronto society, and thus to merit the truth of my proverb. On Tuesday of next week Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty give a ball at their house in the Queen's Park. A welcome event in any winter, Mrs. Beatty's dance will this year be doubly so, for murmurings are deep that so much of the season proper to the dance is passing by with so few opportunities for the fascinating indulgence. The Oaks on Tuesday night will doubtless be the rendezvous for a large portion of society.

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It will be a blow to many people who do not know it already to hear that the departure of the popular adjutant at the Fort will very shortly take place. Captain Sears cannot obtain longer leave of absence from his regiment, and is perforce compelled to rejoin it in England. On one evening before he leaves, Captain Sears will be the guest of the officers of the garrison, but the when and where of the dinner is not yet settled. When he finally goes the captain will be a much dined and much regretted man.

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On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes' last reception day and the supposed eve of her departure for Europe, there was a large number of callers at Chestnut Park. There was much pleasure when it appeared that after all Mrs. Bankes' leaving was for the present postponed, but everybody regretted the cause thereof.

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This afternoon many *au monde* will be at Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright's new house on Spadina avenue. Mrs. Wright's At Homes at her former St. George street residence were always very popular; a change of scene will probably make them none the less so.

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Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe of Norwich, England, are staying with friends in Toronto.

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Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville was in town this week.

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On Saturday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Wragge took a large party to Hamilton for a visit to the great Art Fair at that place. Sunday was well advanced before the last slow train had brought the party back to town, but such were the comforts of a director's private car that this mattered little.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot of London, England, are staying with relatives in town.

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Lady Macdonald and Mrs. Dewdney were in town for a few days this week, and received many callers at the Queen's Hotel.

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Miss Louise Burton of Wellington street is staying at Hamilton.

Personal.

Mr. J. E. Thompson has been appointed arbitrator in the Beard lease arbitration case, in the place of Mr. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Godfrey have returned from their wedding tour and have taken up their residence at No. 73 Winchester street.

Mr. John Chambers, Toronto's efficient superintendent of parks, writes from England, where he is at present, saying that his health has been much benefited by the change.

The Vingt et Un Club held one of its pleasant gatherings on Wednesday night at the residence of Miss Adams, 160 Crawford street. Music and dancing were kept up until an early hour of Thursday morning.

The first annual ball of the Sons of Benjamin was held in the Union Hall, Toronto street, on Wednesday night. Music, dancing and an excellently served supper materially assisted in the success of the evening.

Mr. J. Alfred Radford, well known among Toronto artists, was in the city this week. His firm, Hopkins & Radford, were the successful competitors in preparing the design of the ice palace for the Montreal carnival.

Mr. J. W. S. McCullough of Dundalk, Ont., is the unanimous choice of the students of Trinity Medical College as their representative at the banquet of the Royal College at Kingston, which will be held on December 19.

The ladies and society in connection with the Deer Park Presbyterian Church intend holding a grand bazaar in the school-room of the church on the 21st and 22nd inst. Luncheon and tea will be served at moderate charges.

The patients of the Home for Incurables are greatly indebted to the Misses Martin for a most charming concert given on Saturday evening. Mrs. Caidwell and Mr. Warrington also kindly took part in this charitable effort, as did several amateurs. Mrs. Sewell, Mr. Harris, Mr. and Miss Strong, Miss Shapter, Mr. Bate and others kindly assisted. Mr. J. B. Ferry made, as he always does, a most efficient chairman.

The Asylum inmates have not been forgotten during the past two weeks, for a most successful concert was most kindly given them by the Knox College Glee Club, under the leadership of Mr. H. Guest Collins; and again on Tuesday night Mr. Thomas Claxton and his well-known orchestra delighted a large audience which had assembled in the Asylum amusement hall with a programme of high-class music. Amongst those who helped to make the success of the evening were Prof. Bohner, Mrs. Thompson, little Miss Glover and Mr. James Fax, the well-known comic singer.

Messrs. Suckling & Sons, the well-known publishers on Yonge street, have forwarded us four new musical compositions of unusual merit, and the compositions, engravings and printing are native, too. No. 1, The Rustic Dances by C. R. Howell, is a bright *morceau*, and not too difficult. No. 2, 'Varsity Valses by Schultz Fairclough, is a praiseworthy piece of work and admirably adapted for dance music. No. 3, Tree Gal Polka by Charles Coote, has already attained much popularity. No. 4, C. P. R. Lancers by E. S. Smith is already in its second edition, and is sure to be a general favorite during the coming season.

The Toronto Business College enters shortly on the fifth year of a most prosperous career. It affords every young man and woman who enters it a practical business education, which includes shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping, actual business and office practice, commercial correspondence, commercial arithmetic and telegraphy, as well as all English branches necessary to qualify one for the Civil Service examinations. By writing the manager or secretary, Messrs. Crouly and Ryan, respectively, a copy of all information about the college will be mailed free to any address.

The Toronto Vocal Society's first concert of the season comes off on Tuesday next, December 18, at the Pavilion Music Hall. Besides the heavier numbers, there will be performed several novelties of a lighter character, such as the old glee by S. Webb, When Winds Breathe Soft; the new part-song by Blumenthal, Night; the boatmen's chorus from the Lily of Killarney, The Dawn of Day, The Chimes of Oberwesel, The Song of the Vikings, etc., etc. Ovide Musin, Whitney Mockridge, Annie Louise Tanner and Edwin Shonert will be the soloists. See advertisement in another column.

The Rev. Phillip Tocque and Mrs. Tocque celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday last at their residence, where a large number of friends had gathered to celebrate the occasion and present a congratulatory address. Mr. and Mrs. Tocque were the recipients of many valuable presents from all parts of Canada and the States. After dinner had been served and disposed of, speeches, recitations, songs and music helped to pass a most delightful evening, during which Mr. Tocque, in a few well-chosen remarks, presented Rev. John W. Blackler, LL.D., curate of St. Matthew's Church, with a beautiful silver pocket communion service, to which Mr. Blackler made a suitable response.

The old pioneers are departing one by one and it is said the first thing the average York pioneer does on reaching King street is to gaze at the flag staff on the St. Lawrence Hall to see if one more of the number has passed to the unknown. The latest addition to the silent majority is Mr. John Mead, an old and respected citizen of Toronto, who passed away in the early party of the week, and was buried in St. James' Cemetery on Tuesday last. The pall bearers were Captain Blain of Brampton, Mr. John Hooper of Woodhill, N. Y., Mr. T. B. Allan of Galt, Dr. Grant, Mr. John Laidlaw, sr., and Mr. McCarthy of Toronto.

On Wednesday afternoon the Spadina Avenue Methodist Tabernacle was the scene of a very pretty wedding. The contracting parties were Mr. A. T. Blomley of Montreal and Miss Maud E. Lanning, daughter of Mr. Charles Lanning of Bellevue avenue, well known in dry-goods circles. The Rev. Dr. Parker was the officiating clergyman. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of friends, amongst whom were the father and brother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes of Port Hope, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Booth and many others. The bridesmaid was Miss Emily Lanning, a sister of the bride, whilst the groom was assisted by Mr. J. E. Booth. The presents were not only handsome but very appropriate, not the least of which was a check for one thousand dollars. The young couple left in the evening for the East.

V. W. Brother Carkeek of Rehoboam Lodge was the happy recipient the other night of an elegant tea service in recognition of his faithful services throughout the past year. W. Bro. William Bain made the presentation and testified to the high estimation in which the V. W. Brother is held in the order. The following brethren were installed as officers for the ensuing year by W. Bros. F. Gallow and A. Park: W. Bro. Wm. Bain, W. M.; V. W. Bro. A. W. Carkeek, I. P. M.; Bro. W. J. Graham, S. W.; Bro. J. S. Ballantyne, J. W.; Bro. J. Pearson, Chaplain; Bro. A. Park, Treasurer; Bro. A. Macbean, Secretary; Bro. J. Young, Assistant Secretary; Bro. T. Eversfield, S. D.; Bro. A. Dinnis, J. D.; Bro. R. Cureston, S. S.; Bro. J. Sinclair, J. S.; Bro. F. Armstrong, J. G; Bro. Wm. Raeside, D. of C.; Bro. G. A. Rose, Organist; Bro. R. Dinnis, R. R. B.; Bros. F. Gallow and D. H. Watt, Auditors; Bro. Malcolm Gibbs and Bro. Evans, H.T.; Bro. J. Ward, Chairman Sick Committee; Bro. Dr. Gowans, Physician.

A Word to an Early Bird.

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Bardwell—How are you affected?"

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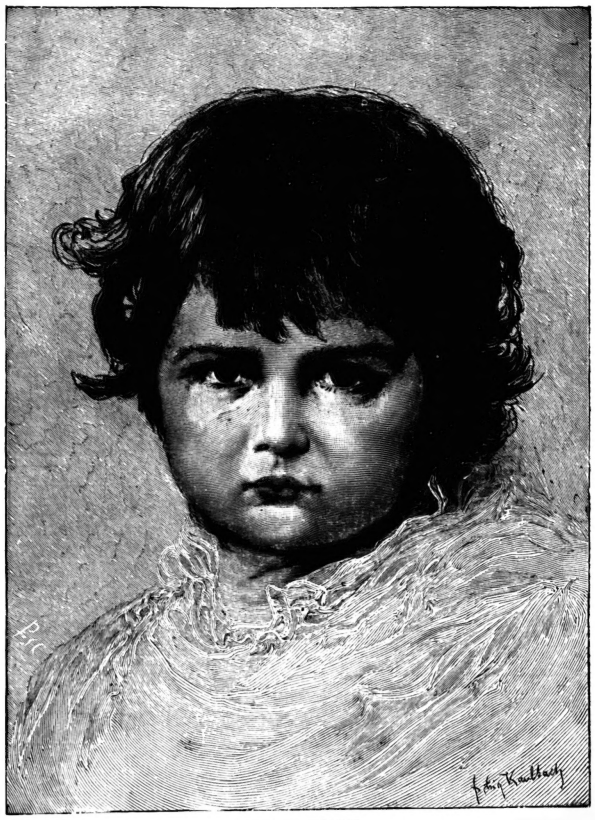

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CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH WE MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MRS. CHANDLER.

Mrs. Flambert's house—no one would think of calling it Mr. Flambert's, or think of him in any other connection than as a person who belonged there—was an exceedingly pretentious one, the exterior covered with little gables, projecting windows, porches, verandas, balconies and everything else which might have the effect of proving to the passer-by that its owner had much more money than taste. Internally it displayed the profusion of a man and woman who had so frequently become the victims of enterprising dealers that no more space could be found for the bric-a-brac, pictures, rugs, curtains, bronzes and statuary which made the reception rooms look like a disordered curiosity shop. Mr. Flambert was in the habit of excusing himself for seldom appearing in the drawing-room by stating that he had never been in there yet without breaking something. Notwithstanding this crush of articles of virtu and otherwise, there was plenty of space for guests if, when moving around, they kept their elbows pinned tightly to their sides or remained in the middle of the room.

At the present moment a half-a-dozen ladies are sipping tea and talking gossip, principally the latter, in the presence of the bronzed gladiators and staring pictures.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Browning, he used oaths—most odious oaths. My husband could hardly excuse them except on the ground that he was intoxicated—absolutely drunk," repeated Mrs. Chandler, in a soft tone of mingled awe and spite, "and he told Mr. Chandler 'to go to the devil and take his she-satan of a wife with him.' He must be bordering on delirium tremens or he wouldn't have conducted himself in the absolutely frightful manner that he did! Just yesterday too, and yet he is to sing at the Gospel Rally to-night! I wonder how he dare do it. If I were he I would have been afraid of being struck dead with the awful words in my mouth! Yes, and the poor type-writer girl sitting there in the office looking perfectly broken-hearted and ready to drop. He has used her just frightfully, promised to marry her, and even worse than that, used to meet her in the park, I have often seen them there myself, or, at least, Mr. Chandler has, carrying on just dreadful."

"I can't see why you should address these remarks to me, Mrs. Chandler," answered Dell, with frigid self-possession. "I am not Mr. Tully's guardian, nor am I responsible for his appearance on your programme to-night."

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon, Miss Browning. I must have misunderstood Mr. Stryde, when he said that you urged him to invite Mr. Tully," resumed Mrs. Chandler, with a strong effort to retain her society tone. "He told me so no later than last evening at the prayer-meeting—or, at least, I understood him to tell me so—when I reproached him for making such an outrageous mistake and bringing scandal on the cause."

"I think you must be mistaken," said Dell, quietly. "I am quite certain Mr. Stryde said nothing of the kind. He is a gentleman who is not accustomed to throw the blame of a mistake on his friends or to tell what is not true! —nor is he given to exaggeration," continued Dell, with a strong but polite accent on the last word.

"And do you really mean to say you didn't press Mr. Tully to sing?"

"What I mean to say is, that hearing Mr. Tully sing we were all taken by surprise and Mr. Stryde invited him to sing this evening and I seconded the invitation which, I think, is quite a very different thing to urging Mr. Stryde to invite him."

"You did perfectly right, Dell, and there will be the biggest crowd in the Pavilion to-night that has been seen there at any religious meeting. I hope, poor fellow, he won't lose his voice or get frightened when he sees the crowd," suggested Mrs. Medlicott. "Bee heard him sing at Mrs. King's and said it was superb, didn't you, Bee?"

"Yes, indeed I did, I was quite in love with him and told him so."

"Why, Bee!" exclaimed her mother.

"Yes I did all the same, mamma; I couldn't help it; he seemed so sad—that is for him—and I really believe he is trying to be a good man. For that matter I think he is about as good as the majority now, only he doesn't try to humbug people."

"Humbug," exclaimed Mrs. Chandler explosively, and with a total loss of her society tone, "there isn't a greater humbug in Toronto than Stephen Tully, nor a worse villain. I am surprised, Mrs. McKinley, that you let your daughters associate with him. It is positively enough to ruin their reputation to be seen speaking to such a man."

"Now, now, Mrs. Chandler," cried Mrs. Flambert, in good humored protest, "you are really going too far. Stephen Tully is one of my especial proteges. He hasn't had a fair show as people try to make out. You are down on him because he called you a gossip and a scandal-monger, and you know, though you are awfully good in a way, that you like all the rest of us, are inclined that way a little."

"Why, Mrs. Flambert," protested Mrs. Chandler, her face reddening.

"I really won't take it back," answered the candid and not over-polite Mrs. Flambert, who, in her heart, hated Mrs. Chandler for numerous affronts and damaging reports concerning herself. "When you take a dislike to anyone, you can't chop up their character too fine. If you knew anything bad about me, I would really commit suicide rather than have you start telling it, because you wouldn't quit till everyone in the town knew it, and then you really lay it on so thick that a little piece of truth is made into a mountain of fibs. I don't actually think you know how much you say when you get started."

"I thank you for your candor, Mrs. Flambert, but you might have reserved your remarks until it would have been not unnecessary to affront a caller in your own drawing-room, but then nothing better could have been expected."

These remarks were made by Mrs. Chandler after she had risen to go. She was trembling with anger, and, it was evident, desired to say a few further words before taking her departure. She was a little woman, with her hair smoothed very carefully over her high, square forehead, and had exactly that sort of a face which so often accompanies severe and censorious uncharity. Her low voice was over sweet, and her praises, when she saw fit to be laudatory, always had a sting in them; but when she began to "run on" anyone she seemed to lose her satirical sweetness and self-possession, and often used a succession of the most denunciatory adjectives, accenting them with such vigor that her voice often escaped from the sweet undertone to a shrill and even tenor pitch which made her criticisms doubly dangerous. In her moments of domestic anger these tones were said by the neighbors to develop into a shriek; but much as she was disliked socially she was much interested in church work, and belonged to several committees from which, were it possible to offer a resolution for her election, she would have been unanimously dismissed.

"Don't go, Mrs. Chandler," said her hostess with careless good-nature. "It is nearly a year since you were here before, and I would very much dislike to have you go away angry. I am used to calling things by their right names, you know, but I don't wish to be rude!"

"Yes, it is a year, isn't it? I hope it won't be so long before I come again, Mrs. Flambert, I have had a delightful call I assure you," answered Mrs. Chandler, with an ironical bow as she separated the *portieres* with her trembling hand.

"I had no intention of being impolite, but really your denunciation of poor Tully was enough to agitate one into almost anything. Oh, must you go? Be sure and come again soon!"

"I'll be sure to! Good afternoon, Mrs. Flambert. Good afternoon," and with a stiff bow to the little company the insulted Mrs. Chandler was gone.

"Isn't she just frightful," cried Mrs. Flambert, mimicing Mrs. Chandler's talk. "It was quite a scene, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and I am just glad you told the old hateful the truth. Poor Mr. Tully, I am as awfully sorry for him as can be. He is such a jolly, good-hearted fellow, he wouldn't say a mean thing about anyone for the world. Why didn't you defend him a little bit, Dell?"

"Because I am afraid very much she said about him is true, and I haven't much faith in his good resolutions. With all his cleverness, half the school boys in this city have more moral strength than he has."

"You ought to marry him, Dell, you have moral strength enough for two," suggested Mrs. Flambert.

If the scene which they had just experienced had not prepared her for disagreeable things, Dell would have been disconcerted, but as it was she smiled and said she wasn't contemplating a reformatory school for young men.

"I think for my part," Mrs. Flambert announced, settling herself comfortably in her chair, "young ladies expect too much from young men. Boys will be boys, you know, and every man who amounts to anything has raised a field of wild oats somewhere. Tully's misfortune is that his crop has flourished under our very eyes, and he is so bold about it that lots of people who his own well, talk about his escapades as if he would be proud to hear the recital, while no one appears to know anything about the good things he does. I heard an instance of the good side of him this morning. Our chambermaid, Bridget Dennis, had a visit from her father who sells newspapers, and he looked so old and feeble that I inquired about him, and he told me a long story of his woes, exclaiming every now and then that if it hadn't been for Mr. Tully he would have been dead long ago, and come to find out, the scapegrace Tully has been paying his rent and looking after the poor old man for two or three years! If he does it in one case I am sure he likely does it in plenty more that we never hear anything about."

"Still, that doesn't make him a desirable *parti*," suggested Mrs. McKinley. "He is so reckless. A man may be very good-natured and generous and still be a dangerous member of society, particularly if he gambles and drinks. I confess I can't help liking him, but I am always afraid to see him with any of my girls."

"You needn't be afraid, mamma," cried Bee, clasping her hands in mock resignation, "he doesn't want to run away with us and we are too well-bred to run away with him, but he is so delightfully jolly I can have better fun with him than any man I know, and everybody says the same, and no one in our set ever got a word against him, he has always acted as properly as can be and if he gets tipsy it isn't at dinners where he gets his wine for nothing. That is the sort of temptation which overcomes Mr. Chandler."

"Don't you all think," inquired Dell, hiding a little yawn, "that we have had just about enough of Mr. Tully?"

That night Dell Browning was not one of those who crowded the Pavilion. Mrs. King and Mrs. Flambert occupied front seats and applauded generously, but Stephen Tully looked in vain for the fair face of the only one he cared to please.

He had debated within himself whether he should wear evening dress. The first thought was that he should, in order to make it seem as if he were appearing in a sort of professional singer capacity, but Dell Browning's suggestion inclined him to the idea that he had better avoid that line. He was glad that he had so chosen when he noticed the informality of all the others who were on the programme, but when he stepped forward to sing, and had an opportunity—while the applause made it impossible for him to begin—of studying his audience, he experienced a bitter disappointment. Jimmy Errett was there in the front seat with a dozen of his club companions, and Mrs. King sat but a few benches behind them with Mrs. Flambert, but Dell! Where was she? His quick eye found the McKinleys, but she was not with them! Dell had stayed away! He felt his heart sink, but he was afraid of no one else, and his singing was not marred by a single tremor. He was recalled by peal after peal of applause, and sang again and then again. A third *encore* was answered by a bow, and then there were enthusiastic demands for a speech, which he refused to answer. He thought with unreasonable bitterness of what his course would have been had Dell been there; he would have gone to the front and told the audience that he had resolved to live a different life, but she was absent—evidently she did not believe in him—and he might as well give up trying to gain her confidence. He slipped on his overcoat, and though Stryde and half-a-dozen others congratulated him, he started away home self-condemned, angry and desperate.

When he came to the corner where he should turn towards his apartments, the unrest which had possessed him, the sense of defeat, of the sacrifice of his crude ideal of sturdy manhood, the feeling that he was a sinner without the courage which had once made his sins seem almost respectable; but chiefly a sickening realization that he had played the part of a hypocrite without avail, made it impossible for him to think of going quietly home. While his conduct had met with the approval of Dell Browning, the falsity of his motives had not obtruded themselves; her acceptance of his good intentions had seemed to justify them. His sacrifice during the short hours when she had smiled approvingly upon him had seemed the sacrifice of Abel, but now in disgust she had refused to hear him sing, and the disdained incense had risen from his altar was from the offering of Cain.

He hurried on through the frosty air. Never before had the impossibility of winning Dell's love suggested itself. To his ambitious and egotistical soul but few things had ever seemed beyond his reach, and now in this particular one in which his pride, his infrequent sacrifice, more, even his heart interested in vain, made him grind his teeth and mutter a reckless oath.

"Confound the girl, what is she to me that I should rush like a spanked school boy through the streets sulky and sore, simply because she didn't come to see me make a fool of myself? She despises me, and I can't blame her; I despise myself, and I'm a fool for the nonsense were ended at once and I return to the even tenor of my wicked ways. By gad, if I had someone with me I would go down to the club and have a bottle of wine."

The minions of his Satanic Majesty are said to be on the watch for reckless men, and though it may seem unreasonable to imagine that reckless men are apt to be seeking opportunities of folly, it came to pass at this moment that Mr. George Veil, whose name barely suggests the immaturity and flabbiness of the youth almost collided with the angry Mr. Tully.

"By Jowve, is it weally you, Tully? I thought you were singing at the Pavilion for the er—er—weligious people!"

"So I was, Veally, my boy, but I am taking a walk now to get the taste of it out of my mouth."

"Come down to the kleb and have a dwink. It'll weally do you good, you know!"

At any other time Tully would have scorned the society of "Veally," but now anyone's company seemed preferable to his own.

At the door of the smoking-room, almost concealed from him by a cloud of tobacco smoke, a half a dozen of his old chums, but recently returned from the Pavilion, were greeting with roars of laughter Jimmy Errett's account of his interview with Tully. Jimmy's fervid imagination was picturing for them the solemn and impressive words of which Tully had delivered himself when he had called to congratulate him on his conversion. That Errett was half tipsy did not make his cynical but humorous recital any more bearable to the angry man who heard it.

"He said to me, 'Jimmy, I am a different man. I have had a change of heart, and while there is time to-day, I want you to repent and join the church with me,'" cried Jimmy, in an excellent imitation of Tully's tone.

At this point, Tully's hand grasped Errett's shoulder and gave him a shake.

"Errett," said he, with his old, careless laugh, "you ought to be High Priest of the Ancient Order of Liars. You know I said nothing of the kind. It will just cost you a bottle of Pommery to straighten out the frightful yarns you have been spinning about me."

Errett's face, already flushed by drink, turned yet a deeper red. "Sit down, Steve," he blurted out awkwardly, "I guess I am caught right in the act this time. Boys, he didn't say anything of the kind. He told me he supposed I was trying to get material for a story, and I assured him I was sincere, and what is more, gentlemen, I was, but I felt so affected to-night by the services at the Pavilion that I either had to join the church or get full, and like the fool I am, you know which I did."

"Never mind, Jimmy, it is all right; touch the bell!"

Errett rang the bell, but looked quizzically at Tully.

"So you are on the old racket, too," said he. "I thought you were straight."

"So I am," retorted Tully. "I think I can sing for the gospel people and take a glass of wine with my friends, notwithstanding the halo which probably still shines around my head! I haven't joined the church or tried anything of that sort, so where is the harm?"

"All I can say is," muttered Errett, "I wish you had been converted. Confound me if it don't make me feel ashamed of myself—and you—after the talk we had, to be sitting here boozing like a couple of wits. Damn me if I'll do it," and with an angry fling he threw his glass into the grate and left the room.

This disagreeable episode made matters still worse for the perplexed Tully, and he felt that it could only be forgotten in more wine, which was followed by more and still more until the little party broke up hardly fit to find their way home.

As they were leaving the room Tully was staggered by the sight of Chandler sitting at a little corner table over a glass of whisky and water, for he knew his adventure would surely be made public with the many lurid extras which from time to time Mrs. Chandler would see fit to add to the facts.

(To be Continued.)

A Unique Entertainment.

Miss Gertrude Gilbert, of New York, gave a unique entertainment at her Newport home one other night. At eleven o'clock the guests were ushered into the servants' hall, which was hung with pumpkins made into Jack-o'-lanterns, and dressed with ears of dried corn, wheat, red peppers, and other products of the fall season. The guests were seated at tables, and at each place was a common tin-plate, a coarse napkin, a bottle of beer, and a big mug. Roasted oysters were served hot from the coals, and those who had the bad taste not to care for this delicate dish were given salads and such fancy stuff. After the roast there was dancing until the party broke up.

A Fair Exchange.

The theater-going ladies of New York city are making a little epistolary crusade against the habit of the male citizens of going out between the acts. It is not exactly objectionable nature of the errands that distresses the fair complainants (though the odor of a "drink between drinks" is not agreeable) so much as the discomfort and injury to the clothes, toes, and feelings that they are subjected to. The habit is, no doubt, an annoying one; but it is really not so much of a nuisance to the women as the high hats of the ladies are to the gentlemen; for whereas the passing back and forth to seats consumes but a minute or two, the view-obstructing bonnets last all the evening. Would it not be a fair exchange of courtesies for the women to remove their hats and for the men to stay in their seats till the play is over?

Red Tape.

The patrol which since 1871 has been marching four times a day—or rather every evening from the Mont-Valerien fort to the Suresnes railway station, now only goes once. The change has been made recently. The story of this patrol is a curious one. In 1871 a counsel of war was sitting at Mont-Valerien. On their way from the Suresnes station to the citadel—a distance of half a mile—a few officers were insulted and roughly treated. This was in the evening. An order was immediately issued that every day after nightfall four men and a corporal, armed with a lantern, should meet every train coming from Paris, to render assistance to the officers in case of need and enforce the respect due to their epaulets. So for the last seventeen years the corporal and his men, lantern in hand, have walked to and from the station every night, winter and summer alike, whether moonlight or pitch dark. . . It is the legend of the sentry over again, who had been posted by the side of a newly-painted seat in a public garden, to warn the public against sitting on it, and who was kept there for twenty years.

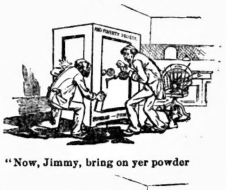
The Russian army has a similar tradition, more poetic but less known. An officer of the guard had fallen in love with Catherine of Russia without daring to tell her the fact. One day as the Empress passed him in the courtyard of her palace, he turned away his eyes to examine a little flower which was growing between the stones of the pavement. Catherine understood and was affected, as was proved by the fact that she posted a sentry in the middle of the court to mount guard over the flower. Seventy-five years later the sentinel was there still. The Emperor Nicholas had him removed.

Knew Her Ring.

"Strange," remarked Mrs. Brown, "I have rung at Mrs. Smith's door three times this week, and I didn't succeed in bringing any one. I fancy the family is out of town."

"Possibly," replied Mrs. Jones, "but Mrs. Smith was telling me just now that she could tell your ring among a thousand."

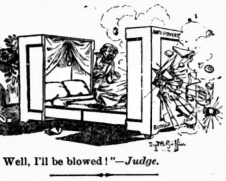
The Reward of Crime.



"Now, Jimmy, bring on yer powder

"Touch her off now, Jimmy!"

"Let her go, Gallagher"



"Well, I'll be blowed!"—*Judge.*

Saved from Drowning.

Referring to the recent death of the famous German demagogue of 1848, Frederick Hecker, the German papers relate the following incident: One of the most popular revolutionary songs in the Grand-Duchy of Baden in 1848 commenced with these words: "Hecker Hoch!" ("Long life to Hecker"). When order was restored this song was strictly prohibited. Now one day, as a gentleman was walking in the park at Carlsruhe, he fell into a lake at a place where it was very deep, and as he could not swim he shouted loudly for help. Two gendarmes were passing at that moment, but as the uniforms they wore were brand-new, they made no signs of coming to the rescue of the drowning man. The latter, though about to sink, with great presence of mind began to cry lustily, "Hecker Hoch! Hecker Hoch!" Then these officers of the peace, in compliance with their instructions to proceed with the utmost severity against all such persons as should utter this cry, plunged into the water, fished out the culprit, and led him off to the nearest police-station. Here the matter was explained to everybody's satisfaction.

An Artful Dodger.

A woman came out on the steps of a house and called aloud in sweet, persuasive tones:

"Georgee, dear!"

There was no answer, and she looked anxiously up and down the street, and again called, but in a firmer voice:

"Georgie!"

Not a word. Taking in the entire horizon with one sweeping, comprehensive glance, she made a trumpet of her hand and called shrill and sharp:

"George!"

Then a little pair of scurrying feet came round the corner of the house, accompanied by a round, innocent face, much stained with orange juice, and a sweet voice inquired:

"Did you call me, mamma?"

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How the Mail-Bags Were Saved.

I was one of the under officials in the post office situated in High street, Burleigh, a town in the busy Midlands.

My work was light, but it necessitated a large amount of night duty. Owing to Burleigh being the center of a large population deliveries were very frequent, and dispatches were constantly being made up. Hence it happened that I was frequently on night duty, sorting letters, stamping them and arranging them according to their proper order in the right mail-bags.

The night work was monotonous beyond measure. After eleven o'clock, when on duty, I was left in charge of the office, and with the exception of occasional help, I was frequently its only occupant. Burleigh post office abutted on the High street pavement, so that, at dead of night, sounds in the distance were heard with remarkable clearness.

In the intervals of stamping, anyone passing outside, in conversation, was distinctly audible. The stillness of the night had a wonderful effect on the transmission of sounds through the letter-slit. Many and many a time have I unwillingly heard secrets never intended for my ears. However, my sense of responsibility sealed my lips, and consequently no one was the wiser for my knowledge.

One night, in November of last year, I was hard at work stamping and sorting for the early morning mail. There was an unusual number of letters for the villages and populous places around Burleigh. My arms ached with the constant stamping—and I rested. It was close on midnight. It was necessary that the mail-bags should be made up by two o'clock a.m., when the mail-cart would come and take the bags for the next town—Oakby—a distance of nine miles.

Between Oakby and Burleigh was Woodhall, a large village, where a great trade was carried on, demanding large ready-money payments.

The Oakby mail cart conveyed also the bags for Woodhall.

About midnight, to my astonishment, a loud knock came at the door. "What is it?" I shouted. "I have found a card in the street which you ought to see. There is going to be an attack on the mail cart to-night." These words were repeated to me in an excited voice. I did not care to open the door, as it might only be a ruse to get admission, and so I shouted to him to put the card in the letter-box. This he did.

I examined the card-board. It was in appearance like a post-card. On one side of it was scribbled in lead pencil, "Read the other side." I turned it over and read: "Be at Grotto Park Lane at 2.30 a.m. The bags contain letters with notes. Be armed, as an attack on the mail man will be made.—Rex."

It was now a few minutes past twelve, and if the bags were to be saved, instant action was necessary.

It was impossible for me to leave my work for any length of time, as a great deal of sorting still remained to be done. Fortunately, the arrangements of the local authorities in Burleigh were very complete, and the post office was in communication by telephone with the police office, and also with the fire brigade's station. I quickly made up my mind what to do. The telephone was almost at my elbow, and after signaling for some time, I obtained the attention of one of the men on duty at the police office. I hastily told him my information, and urged the quick despatch of several men to the post office.

After waiting for some time—and the time appeared to be hours, although it was only minutes—I heard the hurried tramp of policemen on the pavement. I gave them admittance, showed them the cardboard, and mechanically went on with my duties. A hurried consultation took place. One of their number was despatched to the police office for firearms, and the rest settled their plans in my presence.

The policeman and myself knew exactly where Grotto Park Lane was situated. For the benefit of my readers, I may state that it was a bye-lane off the main road between Burleigh and Woodhall; it was about two miles away from Burleigh, a most lonely spot, surrounded with trees, and with no houses anywhere near.

As there were several bye paths to Grotto Lane besides the main road, the police made up their minds to go singly, by different paths, and wait in Grotto Lane at convenient distances. It so happened, that close to Grotto Lane, on the main road, there was a mile-stone, and the constable shrewdly guessed that "Rex" intended his band of ruffians to make the attack there.

A peculiar whistle from the head constable would summon his men from their hiding-places, and it was arranged that everyone should be in his place not later than two o'clock.

By one a.m. I had gone through the most important portion of my duties, and my thoughts were soon fixed upon Grotto Park Lane, and the incidents likely to occur there. I waited impatiently for the arrival of my chief at 1.30. At that time he should make his appearance in order to check my returns and affix the seals of the post office. Whilst waiting, it struck me that it was possible even then to aid the head constable and his men, and on my chief's entrance I explained how matters stood, and what had been done. I then asked his permission to carry out my plan.

It was briefly this. I suggested that at two o'clock an empty mail cart, properly lighted up, should start along the main road to Woodhall and Oakby. I volunteered to be the driver. Five minutes afterwards the real driver, with his mail cart and bags, should follow me, and act according to circumstances. There was excitement enough about the matter to raise one's feelings considerably above the thought of danger or risk.

As the time was rapidly passing, I at once explained matters to the mail man on his appearance, and in a very short time I was ready with a fresh horse and my dummy mail cart for any adventure. My cart was properly lighted, and after providing myself with a loaded revolver, I requested a few moments' conversation with the mail man before I took my departure. I arranged with him that I should purposely keep on the left of the road, so that when he dashed up he would have all the right side of the way to himself. It was understood that he would drive at full speed in passing the place where we expected Rex to attack the mail cart.

With a cool and steady hand I held the reins, and was off at full speed as the Town Hall clock struck the hour of two. We soon passed the suburbs of Burleigh, and I began to slacken a little. I had my revolver ready, and if the band of policemen were only in their places I felt sure that we ought to win. I entered the shade of the trees near Grotto Park Lane, and, scarcely daring to breathe, drove on.

The darkness seemed to increase, in spite of the well-trimmed lamps which I taken care to provide. My horse suddenly started. He scented danger. Not any too soon, either. Before I well knew where to look the lamps were smashed and put out. The ruffians were accustomed to the darkness. I was not. I shouted for help, and was glad to hear the long low whistle of the head constable. Before I could shout again my mouth was gagged, and I was thrown out of the vehicle. Some of the men were breaking open the box which should have contained the bags, and whilst thus engaged the police surrounded the ruffianly gang.

Neither party dared use firearms for fear of injuring one another, and the conflict soon became a hand-to-hand fight. Heavy blows were given and taken. The police were thoroughly on their mettle, as the arrest of "Rex" would be considered a very important one. I lay helpless on the ground, but fortunately possessed of my senses. Would the mail-man pass safely?

My horse lay struggling on the ground, and the shafts of the empty mail-cart were snapped asunder. The wheels of a quickly-driven vehicle were heard approaching, and before either policemen or robbers were thoroughly aware of what was coming, the real mail-cart dashed past at a furious rate. The fight was now hotter than ever, but "Rex's" men were finally captured.

With "Rex" it was different, and after a severe struggle he changed his tactics, and exercised all his skill in trying to escape. In the darkness he was successful, and was never heard of again in that locality. The mail-cart reached Woodhall and Oakby safely.

All this I heard afterwards, for the mail man in his furious race past the scene of conflict had taken one of his wheels over my leg. My injuries were severe, but with a splendid constitution and the best attention from the doctors and nurses of Burleigh Hospital, I was able to resume my duties in two months or so. The early part of this year saw my promotion, and now I am in a fair way to rise still higher.

I never discovered who threw the cardboard into the letter-box. Inquiries were made, but all that we ascertained was that one of "Rex's" men had dropped the card by accident. The robbers who were arrested received due punishment, and the police of Burleigh had pleasure in knowing that, although "Rex" had escaped, his band was broken up.

A Change of Tactics.

Up near Rorsville, Tenn., which place was occupied by Hooker, seeking Bragg's left flank, at the battle of Missionary Ridge, I was out in the field looking at an old cannon, when I heard a pistol shot in the scrub. By means of the smoke I located the shooter, who was a colored man and down behind a log. As there were lots of rabbits running about I supposed he was firing at them and gave him no further attention. He fired again and again, and by and by, as I sat on a log making some memoranda, he came running up to me, pistol in hand, and called out:

"Boss, got a revolver?"
"No."
"Got any catridges?"
"No."
"Hain't you got a bower-knife?"
"No."
"Den dis yere army has got to fall back to a new line!" he muttered, and took to his heels and was soon out of sight.

He was only well away when another colored man, also having a revolver, broke cover and came across the open and asked:

"Has he dun gone?"
"Yes."
"Hoo! Was he hit?"
"No."
"Hoo! Had six shots at each odder an' nobody hurted! Say, boss, d'ye reckon it's in de color or de b'ar dat we can't hit de b'a'n for rots off! I'ze been shootin' at dat nigger all summer, an' now I'ze gwine to try an cotch him in a b'ar trap."

Too Broad.

Tom—I hear you were the only man at Mrs. Van Slimmer's tea yesterday. Have a good time?

Hawwy—Naw. So many dean girls, ye knaw, aw couldn't get in aw blawsted word edgeways.

Tom—That's not strange. Your accent is too broad.

Oh, Really.

Mamie—I don't see anything wrong or cruel in having stuffed birds on my hat; the saints had them.

Aunt—What! the saints?

Mamie—Yes, saints, apostles, martyrs, and angels.

Aunt—?!!!!

Mamie—Certainly, take any old Italian picture of a saint and you'll see an oriole on his brow.

(Aunt's funeral, private.)

Twenty Thousand Did It.

Maude—Whatever could have induced you to jilt Charlie for such a stick as de Garry?

Jennie—Twenty thousand a year, dear.

As a Precaution.

"So you were sleeping under a stairway?" inquired the sergeant of a prisoner who was brought in the other night.

"Yes, sir, but it was simply a precautionary measure."

"How?"

"To prevent catching the yellow fever, sir. I am on to all these sanitary precautions."

Next morning he caught sixty days.

In the Dry Season.

Miller, stands near the wheel looking disconsolately at the dry channel, with a beautiful dam extending from bank to bank.

Sportsman—'Pears to be a big drought in this section? (Silence.) All you need is a little rain! (Silence.) You've got a good site here, and you've dammed the stream well.

Miller (feelingly)—Stranger, I hain't done nothin' else.

Observation.

We suppose that the Keely motor is wind.

A Boston man is so proud he never recognizes himself in a mirror that cost less than $200.

It is said that some of Alderman Baxter's sentences are so long that commutation would be a simple act of justice.

The Next Day.

Visitor—What did you think of the menu last night, Mrs. Bliss?

Mrs. B.—Why, it was all eaten up before I got to the table, and they say the tout ensemble was a perfect failure—too sweet, I suppose. That's the worst of trusting everything to the caltiff."

Go Bury Thy Sorrow.

Doctor—You must stifle your sorrow.

Patient—All right; I'll go home and smother my wife.

Condoned Criminality.

Poet—Mr. Cresus, I wish to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Father (sternly)—I hear, sir, that you write poetry and such ruck.

Poet—No, sir. Years ago I used to dabble in feeble verse, but now I despise such idiotic drivel.

Father—You can have her.

Would Make a Good Critic.

Two Newport, Ky., men went over to see Booth and Barrett in Othello during their recent engagement. When the show let out neither of them said anything of consequence until they got down to the ferry, where, while waiting in the float, one, who never says anything unless he says it, said:

"Ben, damned if that little nigger didn't hold up his end about as well as any of 'em."

That little nigger was Othello.

How to be Beautiful.

Dr. Wood of Pittsburg, in a lecture on Personal Beauty, before the New York Academy of Anthropology, said that beauty "is largely a question of food; the matter of physical charms is settled in the kitchen." That is true. Wholesome, assimilating food makes blood, causes the cheeks of youth to bloom, and fills up the wrinkles of the old. Do you know how hard it is to make blood, and good blood? Proper food alone will fill the veins and arteries. The most athletic race in the world, the Romans, ate four times a day, and the handsomest race in the world, the Greeks, consumed the same number of meals. Good kitchen management brings strength, beauty and pleasant smiles. A well-fed man and woman are always on good terms with the world and themselves.

It Didn't Have Any Wheel.

Tommy was accustomed to toy dogs, with a wheel beneath to propel them along—dogs of the puppy description, such as children love to take to bed with them at night. One day he saw a white poodle in the street, and was observed to look at it very attentively.

"Do you like that pretty doggie, Tommy?" inquired his governess.

"Yes," replied Tommy, rather doubtfully, adding, in an injured voice, "but, Miss Goodman, it has not got any wheel!"

The Time to Buy a Sealskin Sacque.

Hobbs—Please wait until next year for your sealskin sacque, will you, Emma?

Mrs. Hobbs—Why, will you have more money next year?

Hobbs—No, I guess not; but the stylish ones will be cheaper then.

Mrs. Hobbs—They will?

Hobbs—Yes. If they keep on getting shorter at the present rate by next year I'll only need to buy you a fur collar.

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Throughout all the closely clipped lines the st r is evident. Our fall purchases were so large that the choice remaining is not from shop-worn remnants, but from fresh, wholesome pieces in many cases just from the wholesale or reserve stock. While the prices of everything are more or less mutilated, listen for this time to the

DRESS GOODS REDUCTIONS

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Good Tweed Suitings	were 20c., now 13c.
Handsome Striped Tweeds	were 30c., now 23c.
Double-width Colored Coatings	were 40c., now 27c.
Elegant Striped Tweeds	were 75c. and 85c., now 68c.
500 yards Feather Trimmings	were 40c. and 50c., now 13c.
"President" Braid Trimmings	were 65c. and 75c., now 48c.

AND THE CARPET DROP

Brussels Carpets	were $1.10, now 90c.
Tapestry Carpets	were 85c., now 69c.
Tapestry Carpets	were 75c., now 58c.
Tapestry Carpets	were 50c., now 27c.
Heavy Portiere Curtains	$9 to $6.50.
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Musical Notations.

1.—"A" minor. 2.—This is "D"—— sharp. 3.—Just before a "rest." 4.—"Down." 5.—"Up." 6.—A "minor run." 7.—"A major run." 8.—"Finger exercise."—*Judge.*

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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The World's Greatest Women.

The feminine writer of an interesting article in the Pall Mall *Budget* discusses this somewhat difficult question and unhesitatingly draws up the following list as fairly representative of feminine greatness in all ages. The women of action are Semiramis, Queen Esther, Maria Theresa, Catherine of Russia, Isabella of Castille and Joan. Amongst the women of thought she classes Sappho, Madame Roland, Madame de Stael, George Sand, George Eliot and Margaret Fuller. Thus it will be seen that England and America have each but one in this notable list. Many glorious women, notably the female saints, are omitted in this list and properly so. Great these were in goodness, in piety, in self-mortification, but true greatness requires self-assertion as well as self-repression, activity even more than submission, the broad light of midday, not the twilight of the convent cell.

Happiness in Little Matters.

What little things make up the sum of our life. It is a great comfort to think that even the small st of us resemble great men in all but perhaps one streak of greatness. The greatest king in Europe, the mightiest politician and most influential premier in the world is probably equally as angry when he misses the button off his shirtband as is the clerk or reporter under similar circumstances. While our lives glide along easily in an accustomed routine we hardly notice the little things which make us comfortable, but when sometimes there is a change of habit and we begin to pack our valise for a trip, or to move our household goods, the disruption is as violent and the irritation as intense as if the nation were preparing for war, and we were going out to risk our precious lives for the country's glory. Few people understand that it is the little things in life which make it pleasant, which lead to wealth, contentment and respectability. We all make a mistake in trying too much to do big things. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we fail and are laughed at. If we fail in trifles it is not noticed, and if we succeed our prosperity is left to us, and the whole world is not trying to divide up our profits.

What Shall We Eat.

The subject of personal diet is generally interesting to most men and is one which comes up for practical treatment a good many times in the year. Vegetarianism is one of the outcomes of this desire to keep ourselves on the sunny side of the grave, and like the troubles of the servant girl comes up from time to time for popular treatment. It calls for very brief treatment. Some of the greatest workers in the world have lived on milk and vegetables all their lives. Some of the world's greatest workers have also demanded meat and plenty of it, and would assuredly have dwindled and pined on vegetable diet. Many ailing vegetarians have received increased vigor by eating meat, and thousands upon thousands who have overdone the meat business have improved by turning their attention to vegetables. As a rule the meat eaters have led the van and governed the earth, possibly on the same principal that white sheep eat more than black—because there are more of 'em. When all the world ceases to eat beef it will be a different world from the present, but nobody can prove that it will be one whit better.

All things considered, the conviction is growing upon us that some of the best and healthiest people known were vegetarians who ate meat, and meat eaters who tucked in manfully at the vegetables.

Trouble For The Future Boy.

The wild buffalo of the west has disappeared and the places which once knew him will know him no more. By and bye the Indians will follow suit, or those who continue to exist will become universally respectable and law-abiding citizens. The bloody-minded pirates of the southern seas, and the slave traders of the west coast are becoming ridiculously scarce; whilst the ruffian cowboy is being so unkindly muzzled by advancing civilization, as to render him perfectly useless for the purpose of romance and juvenile fiction. The marine Dick Turpins in their happy hunting grounds off the coasts of Sumatra, Borneo, and other islands of the sea, are rarely met with by any of the gentlemen immortalized by Marryat and the other deep water novelists. When one comes across a good pirate story in a boy's book, is it not nearly always written in the past tense? The same is becoming true of adventures with redskins, but there are still many parts of this continent where the Apache, Sioux, and Comanche in his war paint may still be encountered. All this is uncommonly rough on the boys; but what misery will be theirs when the desert islands (for the average lad always likes his hero to dwell where he is guarded by the inviolate sea) of the world are inhabited; when a pirate will be as extinct as a plesiosaurus, and the few remaining Indians will dispute the palm of service at our tables with the humble Africander. And when all these things come to pass, what will the boy of the future read? Balloon adventures perhaps, or Jules Verne explorations under the sea.

When I indited my first letter on music in SATURDAY NIGHT, a little over a year ago, the subject was the concert given then by Signor Campanini. Within a little more than a year the veteran tenor and impressario has returned to us. Then, in spite of his company carrying such stars as Gerster and Scalchi, I said that the best member of his party was Signor Nannetti, the splendid basso, and that principally because his voice was fresh and full in tone. The flavor of chestnuts (how we hate the word, yet how well it answers its purpose!) was so strong in Campanini, Gerster and even Galassi and Scalchi, that our concert-goers have become a little afraid of these Italian opera-concert companies that give a long-winded selection of operatic gems, more or less brilliant or dimmed as the case may be, followed by an act from an opera, probably cut and certainly without chorus, scenery or orchestra, even when some of these adjuncts have been advertised (for Campanini's recent concert scenery had been specially advertised, but none was visible to the naked eye, except the beautiful landscapes that adorn the west wall of the Pavilion).

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Italian opera, that is the Archaic Italian opera of Bellini, Donizetti, and the earlier days of Verdi, is on the decline in Anglo-Saxon and Germanic countries, if it has not already so far declined as to be absolutely prone. The pretty, sweet, but insipid melodiousness, the pyrotechnic fluency whose principal charm is that it serves to display a voice of exceptional agility, and the wretchedly thin accompaniments, are now too feeble for a taste that has been fed on the more thoughtful and fuller work of Meyerbeer, the later Verdi, Gounod, and, above all, Wagner. But our Italian professional friends are slow in seeing this, and when they do see it, they too often think that their superior gifts will enable them to carry these wishy-washy programmes through to their own pecuniary aggrandizement. There is too much of the pursued ostrich about them. But we live in hope that the lesson taught by a falling exchequer will knock hard enough at the door of their understanding to make them realize the cold, plain facts, and that these people may learn something about the more modern music, and when they can sing it well enough, spread its light over the land.

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The Campanini concert of Monday evening, then, was poorly attended, presumably because the Signor's previous visit had taught our people caution. But, *en revanche* (this is a quotation from the *Mail's* report of the concert) the concert was a better one. First of all Signorina Clementina de Vere was not a chestnut, on the contrary, she has a very fine, fresh voice, with a perfect method, and exceptional power of dynamic changes in the upper register. It is fluent, free and of an agreeable color; always true in intonation and clean and pearly in its vocalization. Her renditions of the Lucia rondo and the Dinorah Shadow Song were admirable and she received the warmest applause from the audience. Mlle. Marie Groebl, too made a very good impression though of course she could not hope to replace Scalchi in the minds of those who had been at the previous concert. Signor del Puente, who has had many successes in Toronto, added to them on this occasion by his magnificent rendition of the Toreador song from Carmen. The splendid force and glow with which he brings in the celebrated refrain are in themselves sufficient to give him fame.

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Signor Campanini has for some years had the flavor of maturity lingering about his curly brow—in fact had given up vocalization, and was going to become a great musical critic, but he concluded to try the platform once more, and *ecce resultas*. A worn-out voice, worn-out beauty (he was once the Adonis of the operatic stage) and dauntless courage, or self-reliance—call it what you will—remain of the once great man. That he displayed himself to better advantage this time than previously, must however be admitted; in fact the secrets of the roses, so to speak, hangs 'round him still. His Salve Dimora was beautifully sung, in spite of the ravages time has made with his voice, and no doubt it served as a model for many a budding tenor in the audience. What the singer calls "style" is perfect in Campanini; the broad-est phrasing, the most conscientious attention to shading, and all the traditional effects of a selection are given by him in every detail. Signor Stehle was a vigorous second tenor, who did not scruple to show his robust voice, in all the fulness of its robustitude, as it were. Signor Bologna reminded me of a paragraph in the American Encyclopedia concerning the Italian city of that name, in which it was stated that the place was renowned for its breed of poodle dogs and its sausages, rather a suggestive conjunction. (This is the only joke that I could find in that work in years of careful reading.) The gentleman, however, was a good basso, and a careful and pleasing singer. Signor Cabone was with the company before, and is a splendid buffo singer of the old style. The Faust was well rendered, but naturally suffered from the absence of scenery and orchestra, although Signor Ferrari's splendid work at the piano did much to remove the latter disability.

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The University Glee Club sang at St. Peter's Schoolhouse, under Mr. Schuch's direction. The young gentlemen rendered their college songs and some selections of greater ambition in a manner that added much to the pleasure of the large audience.

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There have been mutterings of a more or less frank nature about prospective string quartettes and quintettes, but so far the public has not been entrusted with the names of the performers. It is to be hoped that this beautiful field of musical endeavor may not be allowed to lie idle, especially if the obstacles are, as they seem to be, caused by small professional jealousness. Sink them, gentlemen, and show the public a good example by helping art for art's sake! If the masses are to do anything for music, you, who are most interested, should show them how.

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A word to those who get up programmes, especially those of our musical educational institutions. See that your selections and the names of composers are correctly spelled; that the sources thereof are given in full, and that the opus numbers are given fully and correctly. Classical numbers should have the composers' dates.

METRONOME.

An observant correspondent has sent in a lengthy letter—far too lengthy for reproduction in SATURDAY NIGHT'S columns—respecting the two burlesque performances, Penelope and Adonis, which we have had at the Grand within the last few weeks. He expresses the opinion that judged purely as burlesques the performances were pretty much on a par, with the odds if anything in favor of the former, and asks why undraped femininity should have been considered so shocking in the one case and so extremely good to look upon in the other. He winds up by requesting my opinion of the burlesque question generally. As I was not one of the jury drawn to sit upon Penelope, I can only give the correspondent's opinion for what it is worth. Morally there was apparently no difference between the two, but Mr. Adonis Dixey came to us credentiated with Society's endorsement, and as Society is a great moral laundry where the soap of propriety erases all the sins of exhibition, it is hardly necessary to seek further for the reason of the distinction. Burlesque has grown to be a market where women exhibit their persons and their incompetency together. If they have persons worth exhibiting their incompetency will be forgiven. It may strike the thinker as a somewhat senseless proceeding to pay a dollar for the sake of seeing a bevy of large-limbed, voluptuous sirens striding voicelessly before us in scantiest draperies, half of them probably unable to write their own names. But the public are willing to pay for it, and what the public will pay for someone will provide. That form of popular entertainment which depends for its vogue upon the number, the beauty and the bareness of its female chorus, is one of the iniquities coincident with modern drama. It loads a worthy profession with ill-bred, weak-witted women who have no claim to attention beyond the voluptuousness of their figures, and no aim beyond—but perhaps it is just as well to leave their aim untold.

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A Dark Secret is a tale of a tank. It is aqueous twaddle of the worst kind. In the main it is dry, stupid, silly, insufferably dull and uninteresting. It seems to have been thrown together by someone who never knew and didn't care to learn, shaken up in a bag and turned out to graze on public pastures. It is an inexplicable story, wholly unreasonable, clumsily and vulgarly put together, entirely without appeal to human sympathy and wretchedly acted. Only it is relieved by the pictures of singular though wholly irrelevant beauty, for which the audience waits, and after which it yawns. All the force of these pictures comes from the use of real water on the stage. That they make a most magnificent spectacle no one can deny. You can perhaps fancy how the house went wild on Monday night when a woman was thrown into an actual river flowing across the stage. The actual waters engulfed her, and she was rescued from her position by the hero who jumped from an actual row boat pulled up the stream by the brawny muscles of no less a person than George Hosmer the oarsman. The curtain falls on the young man clinging desperately to the boat with one hand, while with the other he supports his presumably helpless burden, and some one pulls a string above and lets a shower of real water patter down from the gloomy flies which have been threatening rain all day. Then they come drippingly before the curtain and bow their moist acknowledgments to the clamoring audience.

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All this is intensely realistic and nice to see, but realistic stage spectacles do not and cannot make a drama any more than a graven image or a summer sunset can. They may enhance a drama, they never embody it. Just there is where the mistake is made in A Dark Secret. Take out the tank and the drama has neither top nor bottom or reason for existence. It is ponderous, dull, reeking with unnatural crimes and inadequate and irrelevant purposes. Everything in it is subordinated to the realism in the second and third acts and the effect of this upon the company should be noted. They rush through their business perfunctorily, indifferently and mechanically. They hurry along to get to the tank. They realize that the audience is just as indifferent as they are; that it wants real water, not real merit. So A Dark Secret will draw for a time, then die; for, after all, there is only one thing that interests man—and that is man. One gleam of character in drama is worth all the water in the world for permanent purposes. When all is said and done, the saving grace of drama is not the real, but the ideal. Such productions as A Dark Secret may become popular successes by reason of their novelty, but they will never become permanent successes. It is all rot to say that the greater the realism the greater is the drama. The drama itself must be great. It must treat so skilfully and delicately of human emotions as to arouse our sympathies. If it does not, all the tanks, and all the water, and all the George Hosmers, and Captain Andrewses, and dog circuses, and steam launches, and row-boats in the world cannot make it live.

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The company that interprets this very damp drama, is rather below than above the average. The May Joyce of Edna Carey and the Madame of Gabrielle Du Sauld alone merit praise. Miss Carey is perhaps most natural when she plunges into the rushing river and the bob of her back hair comes undone and spreads over the stream. You observe that her hair is real and mentally note it as another triumph of realism. But this is merely in keeping with the whole of the performance; its wet joys are its greatest.

•

The Lights o' London have been glimmering at the Toronto Opera House all week. The chief interest of the production centres in the appearance of Mr. W. H. Lytell whose graceful form and glowing beauty are shown to good advantage as Showman Jarvis. Mr. Lytell is such a singularly jovial soul himself, his portly person is so suggestive of good-nature and merriment that it is small wonder his every appearance is the signal for loud laughter. Mrs. Lytell, a dark-eyed woman, makes a very acceptable Bess, and the company is of tolerable excellence. The Lights o' London is familiar to us all, but somehow it always strikes one with new force and charm. It has pleased, it will please because it is intensely human and pictures in attractive form the joys and sufferings, the hopes and fears, the tribulations and the triumphs which make up existence for most of us.

CECIL STREET.

LOBBY CHATTER.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter will open in New York on Christmas eve in 'Twixt Axe and Crown.

Miss Fanny Davenport has created a sensation in Boston with La Tosca, and the big Boston theater is crowded at each performance.

The Life of Denman Thompson was issued this week in book form. Some of Den's experiences in Toronto and Hamilton should make pretty interesting reading.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, having tasted of the sweets of dramatic authorship, is now at work on another play, the leading character in which will, as in Little Lord Fauntleroy, be a child. It will be ready for production next season.

Mr. Frederic Bryton celebrated the one-thousandth presentation of his play, Forgiven, at the Theater Comique in Harlem this week. On Thursday evening he presented to each member of his company a souvenir made of gold pieces representing the climax of each of the four acts in Forgiven.

Mrs. Langtry will be at home next week, and her house is being made ready for her homecoming. The Lily will for the next month play in the towns round about New York. But her headquarters will be No. 361 West Twenty-third street. The scenic artists at the Fifth Avenue Theatre are preparing the scenery for her special production of Macbeth, an elaborate presentation of which is promised by Mr. Reynolds.

Alleged Humor.

You should never judge a ham by its cover.

The buzz-saw is a bad thing to have at your finger ends.

Cutting a dash in society—D——ing the waiters.

The low corsage gives rise to a great deal of back talk.

A plumb pudding on the table is worth two in the stomach.

It shines unseen—The old black diagonal under your winter overcoat.

Perhaps if the potato didn't have any eyes, it would not be so often mashed.

Most babies are given to chewing gum; but chewing-gum is rarely given to babies.

However enthusiastically a yachtsman may praise his sloop in the summer, he always prefers a cutter in winter time.

They tell of a Hamilton man whose parents were so very rich that he was born with a silver knife in his mouth.

Most of the lords and dukes who marry American girls wed for a title—but it is title to real estate they are after.

"That's a delightful little morceau Miss Edgerly is singing." "Yes; but——" "But?" "Yes; I wish it were a little less so, as it were."

You can't turn a butterfly into a caterpillar; yet some men are disappointed because the angel of courtship doesn't turn out to be the patient drudge of marriage.

When the small boy stands in front of a store, meditatively gazing on a sign which reads, Slippers Cheap, his puerile mind instinctively grasps the scope and purport of a boycott.

L. Q. asks, "How do you preserve autumn leaves?" Ans.—We do not know; we never tried it; we do not think they would make good preserves. It might do to coat them with molasses and then dry them.

It is an ancient and pleasing sign of devotion for the lover to kiss his lady's eye. This custom, it is perhaps needless to say, did not originate in Boston; for who can imagine Hiram saying to Priscilla: "My love, will you kindly remove your spectacles?"

What We May Expect.

Immense improvements have been effected at Edinburgh lately. Holyrood Palace, for example, is now let out in superior residential flats for the working classes, and the tram line to the top of Arthur's Seat is in full working order.

The railway line through the Trossachs is quite completed. The last party of five hundred excursionists from Glasgow unfortunately set fire to the herbage on Ellen's Isle when picnicking there. Only one tree is left on the isle, but the loss is made up in sandwich papers and whisky bottles.

How pleasing it must be to the utilitarian mind to know that the Clyde no longer runs to waste over the rocks at Corra Linn, but that the water which once made the waterfall, is now employed to push the great driving-wheel of the Lanark bone-boiling establishment!

Melrose Abbey, having been roofed over with slates, and rendered somewhat presentable with a coat of stucco, has recently been converted into a young men's reading-room and mechanics' institute. The abbey is lighted by the electric light and Edison burners, so that there is no longer any necessity to "visit it by the pale moonlight."

No, that building which two new red brick wings added to it is not a workhouse. It is Abbotsford, and was once in the occupation of Sir Walter Scott, but has now entered on a new phase of usefulness by its employment as a county lunatic asylum.

Dear me! Is it really true that Burns' cottage has been pulled down to make room for a beerhouse erected on the site?

Owing to the new line from Ballater to Braemer passing through the grounds of Balmoral, the Castle is now for sale, and it is expected that Mr. Winans will purchase the place for use as a shooting-box.

The poet who asked:

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?

is now answered. The luxuriance of the vegetation on the banks of that river is amply accounted for by the fact that the sewage of Ayr empties directly into it.

Like His Cheek.

Mr. Graspall (to his bookkeeper)—William, how much are we paying James, the office boy?"

Bookkeeper—Ten shillings a week, sir.

Mr. Graspall—And yet I see by this published report that he has given more to the poor fund this year than I have. The impudent young scoundrel! He's getting too big a salary. Cut him down, William, to eight shillings a week.

Where Is It?

(AN ACROSTIC.)

For Saturday Night.

Resting where its native muskeg still "assays" for right of way,
And surrounded by its gold fields, to the world this town would say—
That for mail matter trips abroad erst taken amiably,
Perforce just now are matters of impossibility,
On correspondence trusting we care no more to roam,
'Resolved,—that for the golden age R. P. must stay at home,
That correspondents learned be entreated solemnly
Address not Manitoba nor yet the North-West T.,
Give the honor to Ontario until in claims and shares
Each and all of our good citizens are mining millionaires.

IDRIS.

My Daniel.

THE FARMER SPEAKS.

You don't know Daniel, I reckon; well, Daniel's my oldest son;
He's a reg'lar bloomin' cerus with nary a fault but one;
An' that as fault, if it are one, is that, nigh half of his time,
He's foolin' 'round with the language, an' workin' it into rhyme.

Now, you're a genoeine poet; I'ud know it by your looks;
An' known from Dan to Beersheba jest on account o' your books.

So to you I've brought a couple o' hundred verses to see
If Daniel's writin' for binness, or jest a bamboozlin' me.

In course, ez the poetry's his'n's, I call it tolerable rhyme;
At least, it'll ekal poetry I've seen printed in my time.
Why, sartin, it won't hold a candle al ongside Byron or Hood,
But I concelt when you read it, you'll find it tolerable good.

For stacks o' poetry is written, gushing with grammar and brain,
Ez won't move our inard feelin's, or send a thrill through each vein,
Like some commoner scribblin' that's bubblin' over with vim;
An' this are the kind that Daniel has gotten a-hold of him.

An' he writes it jest ez nat'ral ez if he was rakin' hay;
All in a go-ez-you-please-like kind o' Spencerian way.
Lyric, or sonnet, or stanza, it makes no difference which,
When once his pen is a-started, it trundles without a hitch.

So this here roll is the samples, ez new ez sap in the trough,
Without eny paint or whitewash, jest ez he sugared 'em off;
An' I'd like your honest judgment about each, or on the lot,
If ez how in your opinion, Daniel's a poet or not.

THE POET SAYS.

From my erudite station, without fear, or hesitation,
Or the slightest trepidation, I'll explain;
How this fumid composition shows a nondescript condition,
Of that organ, cerebellum, known as brain.

For, in language most emphatic, with a semblance of dramatic.
Not considered too erratic, all this rhyme
Is a doggrel construction, a rhapsodical corruption,
Aggregated lot of jargon, unsublime.

'Tis with utter consternation, that a total deviation
From the polesis of punctuation meets my eye.
His orthography is faulty, etymology is balky,
And his rhetoric and syntax are awry.

What is dissonant and weaker than this incongruous meter,
This unrhythmic indiscreeter kind of verse.
Each measure is unmetrical, each sentence unpoetical,
Full of metaphors, and similes, and worse.

Here are synonyms that maze me, apocopes that craze me;
Gross abridgements which delay me, more and more.
Here are inconsistent skippings, and synalepha slippings,
Lack of consonants and vowels by the score.

While a polished poem treasures up those soft euphonic measures,
Which, to read, fills us with pleasures, most sublime.
This reads jarring and discordant, doubly worse, and more abhorrent.
Than a hodge-podge medley, neither prose or rhyme.

So, to render my decision, with laconical precision,
Not provoking his derision, I'll explain
How these lines, for his inspiration, are entirely the production
Of a weak, non-compos, juvenescent brain.

THE FARMER.

Well, mister, if you've done speakin' an' won't consider it cheek,
May I ask if you've been talkin' to me in Latin or Greek?
For sartin 'tis, if it's English biled down, unalloyed an' pure,
Then I don't know my own language; but this much I know for sure:

If ever I cotch my Daniel a-writin' poetry agin,
I'll wind the family persuader around him ez sure ez sin.
For I darsen't stand the pressure o' thinkin' each word he wrote
Wus so lengthy that, in speakin', it might break off in his throat.

DAVID HILL.

Burnt Lands.

On other fields and other scenes the morn
Laughs from her blue—but such fields are these,
Where comes no cheer of summer leaves and bees,
And no shade mitigates the day's white scorn.
These serious acres vast no groves adorn:
But giant trunks, bleak shapes that once were trees,
Tower naked, unassuaged of rain or breeze,
Their stern gray isolation grimly borne.

The months roll over them, and mark no change.
But when spring stirs, or autumn stills, the year,
Perchance some phantom leafage rustles faint
Through their parched dreams—some oft-time notes ring
When in his slender treble, far and clear,
Reiterates the rain-bird his complaint.

KING'S COLL., Windsor, N.S. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The Old Rocking-Chair.

My grandmother sat in the old rocking-chair
(But she was not my grandmother then),
And her pert little face was bewitchingly fair
As she laughed a defiance to men!
Her sunbonnet flutter'd like bird on its string,
Her hair wandered free on the breeze;
And gayly I ween did my grandmother sing
Under those old guard'd apple-trees,

My grandfather rode through the white orchard gate,
And tethered his roan to a tree;
He'd a well-powder'd wig on his silly young pate,
And high-tassel'd boots, to his knee!
From the pink apple-blossoms that over him hung,
He brush'd off the dew with his hat;
Till he came to the place where the rocking-chair swung,
And my merry young grandmother sat.

The kingcup and daisy bloomed round in their pride,
And bees of their sweetness did sip;
But my grandfather blush'd and my grandfather sigh'd
As he flick'd off their heads with his whip;
My granny she hummed her a cunning old song—
"Faint heart never won ladye fair!"
So he wooed and he prayed, and before very long
There sat two in that old rocking-chair!

JOHN GERALD BRENAN.

HE DOESN'T LIKE HER STYLE.

I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
That you've maintained before,
Its too-too tendencies, my love,
Have cramped my shekel's store.

Those annual bills from Worth, Mary,
My check-book quite uproots,
Besides the lace and gloves, Mary,
The twenty-button boots.

The diamonds you affect, Mary,
Quite extripate my pile,
And so I'm sitting down, Mary,
Upon your reckless style.

***

Of all blest words of tongue or pen, that mortal heart may know, when after prophecy we say, "Of course, I told you so!" This is not intended for poetry, but simply as a wind up to my remarks a fortnight ago on the pulling down of the Horticultural Gardens fence, when I predicted the arrival of the "short-cut" brigade.

***

Any one passing down street by the Sherbourne car will have no difficulty in seeing the improvised short-cut from the northeast end to the southwest corner of the grounds. To have cut a regular pathway would not have improved matters, for the average pedestrian doesn't cotton to regularities. He wants to feel the soft, springy turf under his feet, and so far as the gardens are concerned the average pedestrian has had it all his own way.

***

The Tuxedo coat as an auxiliary to the clawhammer is bound to become more popular than many conservative ones had imagined. Some young fellows were discussing it in the foyer at the Grand the other night, and generally speaking the verdict was favorable to the new arrival. Of course the men who have run to beef damn the whole thing as a "mons'ous absuddity," but this is only outraged vanity, for a too plump young man doesn't look the most romantic figure in a Tuxedo. But the long, slender legged young man, whose name isn't Dinnis in Toronto, and the little men are delighted with the introduction, and have already recorded their vote and influence in its favor.

***

But who is going to open the ball and place the Tuxedo in *propria persona* before the admiring public? Nothing simpler in the world. If half-a-dozen of our young men, selected from the right quarter, make up their minds to appear simultaneously in the Eton coat, its success in Toronto would not have to wait until the sanction of the great centers has been obtained.

***

"Why do men go mad?" asks the Detroit *Free Press*. Can't answer for particular cases, but generally speaking man gets there because at the last moment he finds there is no button on the back of his shirt and the last church bell is ringing. Sometimes it is because he gets home and finds the furnace out and the thermometer below zero. Occasionally he arrives at that condition on account of the sustained propinquity of his wife's mother, but this is only occasionally, and not nearly so often as funny paragraphers would have us believe. Most often, however, it is when he looks out of his bedroom window in the morning at the feathery, flakey visitors, and sallies out with pain at his heart and a shovel on his shoulder, shouting, "Blast the snow, the beautiful snow!"

***

One of the men who ought to have a tin kettle nailed to his ear is the unforlorn, unshipwrecked brother who rakes up the sands of time for the express purpose of exploding romantic myths. One of the fraternity is abroad in the land just now, and the result of his labors smites two immortal poets under the fifth rib. The injured men are doing as well as can be expected under such a regular knock-down of misfortune. Their names are J. G. Whittier and Buchanan Read.

***

Whittier is hauled over the coals on account of Barbara Fritchie of Frederick Town. The buster of myths says he has made careful inquiry, "an' there ain't an' never was a Barbary Fritchie." Buchanan Read's poem on Winchester Town and Sheridan twenty miles away is denounced as untrue, for Sheridan was never more than eleven miles away, and how any poet could peril his immortal soul for the sake of nine miserable miles is more than the buster of myths can understand. Everyone will feel sorry for the two poets and a good deal sorrier for the b. o. m.

***

Whist is generally voted a pretty safe game, but in Belgium the gentle rubber is not unattended with personal danger. A few days ago four workmen were playing cards at a cafe in Brussels, when one of them committed the unpardonable sin of trumping his partner's best card. This was altogether too much, and rising to his feet the latter drove a long knife into his partner's heart, stretching him dead on the ground "to wait for the final trump." Rather a crimson sort of punning that.

***

The late Lord Lyons always considered it a farce on the part of the British government in keeping up a Legation at Washington. A clever business man, aided by two or three shrewd clerks would do more good and cost less than all the noblemen and baronets of the United Kingdom.

***

The Vicar of Great Barling (England) appears in this inopportune generation with a new edition of his "catechism" which is intended to teach young persons Christianity according to the ways of the church of England. Give ear, O ye Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists and all who come under the heading of "Dissenters" and listen to this enlightened (!) manual of religious instruction.

"In what light ought we to consider Dissenters?—As heretics.

"Is their worship a laudable service?—No; their worship is idolatrous.

"Is Dissent a great sin?—Yes, it is in direct opposition to our duty to God.

"Is it wicked to enter a meeting-house?—Most assuredly.

"Why have not Dissenters been excommunicated?—Because the law of the land does not allow the wholesome law of the Church to be executed."

***

I hear that Prof. C. G. D. Roberts of King's College is hard at work on his College Edition of Shelley, the result of which will soon be in the hands of the public. Speaking of this reminds me of the extraordinary enthusiasm shown by literary men all over Canada whenever Prof. Roberts' name is mentioned in connection with the Toronto University chair of English.

ST. GEORGE.

Nym Crinkle on Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Lord Fauntleroy, produced on Monday night at the Broadway Theater, presents the remarkable achievement of a child playing the hero of a three-act drama and holding the interest of the audience from beginning to ending with graciousness, skill and charm superior to any of the adults who are associated with her.

To say that this is owing entirely to the fascination that inheres in childishness is manifestly unjust, because the merit of Miss Elsie Leslie's performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy is distinct and unique as a portrayal.

She embodies not alone the childishness, but the tenderness, the unselfishness, the tact, the bravery, the guilelessness which the author has put into the character, and more than this, she portrays the little hero, made up of these qualities, with a spontaneity, a tactful art and a ready use of all mimetic means that excite the wonder and praise of critics.

That a mere child should thus realize for us the skill of mature intelligence is, indeed, wonderful. But so it is. Mrs. Burnett has poured into her story a double stream of affection. One can feel that she wrote the parts of Cedric and his mother *con amore*. There is the innocent, truthful, glorifying love of the child and there is the idolizing love of the mother. In a perfect representation they have both to be represented in order to perfect the ideal relationship.

With this understanding, you have only to see the performance at the Broadway Theater to feel in an instant how far superior the little Elsie Leslie is to Miss Kidder as an actress.

Here is the affection of Lord Fauntleroy poured out not alone with the effusive warmth of childhood, but with the sustained dexterity of dramatic art. The chivalrous, protecting spirit of a boy is made superb. The quick ardor with which he flings his arms about his mother's neck is eloquent. There is no moment of time in the play when this little actress is not living and acting the part with sustained "business," so natural, so easy and so perfect in its adaptation to the author's conception that you wonder if it is art.

On the other hand Miss Kidder, a mature actress in comparison with Miss Leslie, utterly fails to invest the mother with a correspondingly affectionate spontaneity or ardor.

We are thus presented with a child doing by some divine right—certainly not by a matured intelligence—that which all our schools and our teachers are endeavoring to make adult men and women do with training and development—and that is, express the emotion naturally and cogently.

Mrs. Burnett's play is entitled to the commendation of all men and women who desire to see the stage give form to the most precious ideals, for she has put the most precious and sweetest elements of life into action, and made virtue, affection, chivalry, honor, tenderness operative and coercive factors, without the aid of vicious elements.

Little Lord Fauntleroy is more like a poem than a drama in this respect. It has no intense crises, no grouped situations, no horrors, no breathless suspense, no dastardly wrongs to right. It is mainly a placid stream of magical youthfulness melting all that is opposed to it by a benign warmth.

There are moments when action ceases entirely, and the attention has to be held by the dialogue. And in few plays that I have seen could it be so held. But here the character and the charm of Little Lord Fauntleroy are continually in evidence and have a sufficient fascination.

Fancy a whole scene given up to the conversation of a child with his grandparent! How many writers could have held an intelligent audience breathless with it? But the audience hang upon Little Fauntleroy without a murmur! It is because Little Fauntleroy's speech is itself most cunningly dramatic. If you think a moment what it is doing you will not wonder that it holds an audience.

In the first place it is slowly but surely overturning the prejudices and melting the obduracy of the Earl before your eyes. Incorrigible tyranny and selfishness are here being born again under the Cupid influence of this youngster. One by one the little fellow takes away from him every weapon. Before the irascible old pirate knows it the lad has crept into his heart. You watch the transformation wrought by a few inimitable touches of dainty baby-hood with the noble enthusiasm that you would give to an epic or a great sermon.

This is the kind of drama to which the heart of man in its best estate gives tribute. It borrows nothing from noise. It uses sunbeams instead of sledges. It puts up before us the possible, not the actual boy of life. It's like reading a page of Pascal or having an outing in June. All the operative forces of it are gentle and benign like sunshine and rain.

One finds it difficult to write critically of Miss Leslie. She is something of the same sort of phenomenon in drama that young Hoffmann is in music. To put upon paper the specific praises which her personality and her tact together elicited at the performance would appear to those who had not seen it as something absurd in eulogy. When you reflect that almost every attempt to make very young children actors has resulted in making them precocious and self-conscious and impudently vain, the wonder grows that this young lady has so marvellously retained the *naivete*, the ingenuousness and artless demeanor that is so charming in a child. When you reflect, moreover, that she must have been studiously coached and nowhere betrays it in hesitancy, in mechanism, in formalism of sentiment or stiffness of endeavor, you are amazed. As I have said already there is not an instant in the whole play that she leaves vacant. But every moment of time is filled with the apparently unconscious business that betokens the freedom and the restless grace of the child.

Here I must take leave of the little woman. One is not likely to say too much in her praise.

On Tuesday evening Tommy Russell was brought out as Little Lord Fauntleroy, and it is the intention of the Broadway managers to have him alternate with Elsie Leslie in personating the character throughout the engagement, as the role is too exacting for one child to perform nightly. While the little Leslie girl is sweetness itself in the part, we think that the lad Russell comes nearer the ideal that Mrs. Burnett had in mind in her charming story. He is exceedingly happy in reproducing the innate qualities of gentle birth slightly tinged by the promiscuous surroundings of Cedric's boyhood passed in America. Tommy looks the little Lord to life, while the lovable traits are enacted with a pathetic naturalness that is most astonishing. There is not the slightest indication of parrot training so common in child actors. The only scene where the stage manager's coaching was transparent is the scene where Cedric has to tell Mr. Hobbs that he is one of those very earls the grocer holds in such thorough contempt. In the matter of intelligent interpretation of the lines there is little choice, both children being exceptionally effective and delightfully unconscious in the precocious expressions and opinions of the diminutive lord. Tommy has the advantage because he's a real live boy, and is better able to convey the genuine enthusiasm for his street acquaintances and the passionate love for his mother. The artistic merit of Elsie's personation, however, deserves the highest praise, and when it comes to grace and sweetness she takes no odds from half a dozen boy actors.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

R. B. (Bethany).—In the first place etiquette is spelt thus. There are so many books on etiquette one cannot fail to be satisfied by leaving the matter in the hands of any Toronto bookseller.

Student (City).—The prefix Mr. would rather depreciate than otherwise in such an article where all mentioned are men of established fame. Simply add to them as Huxley, Tyndall, Goldwin Smith, Fox and Pitt.

Lula B. (St. Catharines).—Doubtless there are people who condemn many things in this column as unnecessary, because generally known, but any one who carefully observes, will find that nearly every rule is frequently violated by people of at least good social standing. Those who know everything would, perhaps, do well in skipping these answers to correspondents, but unfortunately the know-everythings are in the minority. Hence this column.

Belle M. (Toronto).—You cannot ask two young girls to a dance without asking their brother their brother. By all means invite the brother, especially as he is a dancing man and your party is for young friends only.

Visitor (City).—(1) Yes. Shake hands with your hostess and the other members of the family before retiring for the night. (2) Never shake hands when first introduced (except to a hostess), simply bow. (3) If you have had much conversation with them, rise to shake hands when they leave, otherwise remain seated and bow.

Puzzled (City).—Turning down the corner of a visiting card has two meanings—one that it includes the whole household in the call; another that it is left by the owner and not sent by a servant. The upper right hand corner is the one to turn down. It is usual to leave one of your own cards now as well as your husband's, even when you have seen the lady of the house, and by this means your friends know the day you are at home.

M. A. Jordan (no postal mark on envelope).—You are simply suffering from dyspepsia and its train of symptoms. Eat little, and often, for a time. Avoid mental and bodily fatigue, keep early hours and do not smoke. It is probable that your heart is diseased. Don't fret about your heart, and remember that ninety-nine people out of every hundred have imagined themselves troubled with heart complaint—without the slightest cause for such anxiety. Watch your stomach and get your full allowance of sleep.

T. A. N. (City).—We cannot go into your case. Consult any dentist who advertises in this paper, and you will have a reputable man in whom you may place every confidence.

Scruples (City).—"If a lady invites a gentleman to call on her, but does not say when she is at home, is she justified in becoming offended if he does not call, and has he committed a breach of etiquette by not doing so?" Yes, we think the lady has a perfect right to take offence, although she is indiscreet in showing it, for this implies an interest in the offender. When invited to call without doubt you replied that you would be delighted to do so, and in such an event what was to prevent your asking your friend's receiving day.

A Contented Client.

"I tell you what, Heyman, the lawyer is a cute fellow, and no mistake. I ought to know, for he lately defended my son."

"How's that? I thought your son had been sentenced?"

"Yes—but only for a twelvemonth!"

Music and Medicine.

Rokitanski, the father of the well-known operatic singers, was professor of pathology at the Vienna University. Besides the two singers, he had another couple of sons, who have acquired a certain celebrity as medical men. One day, when the old professor was asked how his sons were getting on, he replied, shaking his head:

"You see, friends, two of them heal and the other two howl, and the howlers earn four times as much as the healers!"

The Author of Robert Elsmere.

1872 Miss Arnold married Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward, an Oxford man, and at that time a tutor of Brasenose College. Since then Mr. Ward has given up his tutorship, and is now the art critic of the *Times*. His anthology of English verse, popularly known as Ward's English Poets, is perhaps the best in existence. Mr. and Mrs. Ward live in one of the large, old-fashioned houses in Russell square.

There is not much doubt that until within the last five or six months Mrs. Humphry Ward was unknown, save to the few. Even in 1885, says the *Critic*, her name found no place among the Women of the Day. It is quite as certain that during these five or six months not many English novelists have been so much talked about and discussed. With Robert Elsmere, or perhaps, to be more exact, with Mr. Gladstone's review of it in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mrs. Ward sprang into notoriety. To those who had no knowledge of her personally, her book made it clear that she was one who not only knew her Oxford well, but was intimate with Oxford life and Oxford people and Oxford traditions. It was, therefore, no surprise to learn that before she became Mrs. Ward she was a Miss Arnold, and that she is the grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the niece of Matthew Arnold, and the daughter of Thomas Arnold, the editor of many old books, the writer of the Encyclopædia Britannica article on English literature, and the author of a well-known Manual of English Literature. Mr. Thomas Arnold, it will be remembered, became a Roman Catholic, and for a while was a professor in the University of Dublin, and also at the Oratory School in Birmingham. But he finally settled down to literary life in Oxford. In

Does it Hurt to Have Your Head Cut Off?

A very interesting volume has just been published at Paris (Bureaux du Progres Medical), in which Dr. Paul Loye, under the title of La Mort par la Decapitation, studies the question as to whether, after decapitation, conscience survives for a short time in the severed head, and physical suffering is felt in both parts of the executed body. M. Loye deals simply and solely with the scientific aspect of the matter. The present volume is the result of years of scientific experiments made under the shadow of the guillotine as well as in the laboratory.

Every time a head falls under the sword or under the executioner's axe, says Dr. Loye, the imagination of the spectators has, in the physiognomy of the victim, looked for proofs of the survival of will and conscience. The eyes turned, which was a sign of pain; the lips moved, which showed that they wanted to speak; the mouth opened, in order to bite, in a kind of fury. There is not a movement of the face which has not been interpreted as a mark of the continuation of feeling. And ever since the guillotine mowed down the heads of multitudes during the Reign of Terror, scientists have stood around the scaffold, bidding all their humane faculties vanish, and concentrating their whole intellect on the one question, "Does consciousness remain after the victim's head is severed from the body?"

In order to be able to speak with authority on this gruesome, but important subject, Dr. Loye has devoted much time to the study of decapitation and its immediate consequence. Before, however, proceeding to the study of the human victim of the arm of the law, he experimented on a number of dogs. He says:

The instrument which I used for separating the head from the trunk is constructed after a model of the guillotine. It is a triangular steel knife surmounted by a lump of lead weighing about 20 lb; it fell from a height of about three yards on the animal's neck. . . . The animal's head was put into a circular opening formed of two semi-circular boards, between which it is firmly fixed. The knife touches the part just in front of the opening and cuts the head entirely off. . . . The instrument did its task in less than half a second. In order to make the knife fall it was only necessary to let go the cord by which it was fastened. Notwithstanding the fact that a dog's neck was covered with a good deal of hair, and that its skin was very thick, the cut was absolutely smooth.

At the moment when the head falls the mouth is nearly always partly open, as if the animal were breathing deeply. The tongue is pressed against the roof of the mouth or trembles slightly; the eyelids are closed and show slight contractions; then the eyes open and roll in their sockets, upward, downward and to either side—the pupil is contracted. At the same time the jaws open, then close quickly, and all the facial muscles move in rapid convulsions. The labial commissures are violently displaced, the nostrils quiver, the lips tremble and the ears stand up. All these movements together make a fearful grimace, by which the most intense pain and agony seem to be expressed. This first phase lasts about ten seconds, after which a period of repose, lasting about five seconds, commences. Two minutes after decapitation every part of the head becomes rigid and cadaverous.

Besides these observations, which were the same on nearly every dog which Dr. Loye decapitated for scientific purposes, he subjected the heads to other tests.

But no decapitated dog has ever responded by any special movements to the restoratives applied to its nervous senses, whether I whistled or shouted into its ears, passed a striking object before its eyes, irritated its tongue, or tried anything else. All perception of external impressions had ceased.

Thus it appears that consciousness disappears immediately after decapitation. The question now arises whether consciousness is only suspended, as in a state of syncope, and can be revived if the head be replaced in the same physiological conditions in which it was before it was separated from the body. But this is proved to be impossible and thus the conclusion is arrived at that a dog's head, at all events, does not undergo any more suffering after once the fatal blow has fallen, and that any movements are merely muscular.

After the heads, the trunks of decapitated dogs were subjected to a number of experiments, discussing which Dr. Loye points to the example of the ostriches of the Roman Emperor Commodus, who amused himself by cutting off with sharpened spear-heads the heads of the ostriches running the race round the circus. To everybody's astonishment the birds continued to run to the end of the course, while their heads lay at the Emperor's feet. And although no dog has been known to perform such a feat, the trunk is by no means motionless immediately after death.

"He rose and jumped, like a frightened steed,
Then stretched himself and died."

In nearly every case the moment after the knife had fallen the body of the animal executed several energetic movements with the hind legs and tail. Sometimes these movements are so violent that they throw the animal out of the hollow in which it was laid. During one experiment, in which I was assisted by Messrs. Dastre and Laborde, the dog's body jumped right out of the hollow, and, to our greatest stupefaction, fell down at our feet.

Half a minute after the head has been cut off the four legs and the tail begin to move; often these movements are stronger in the hind legs, and result in stretching the limbs out to their full extent. Then the muscles of the trunk are greatly contracted, and this powerful contraction accounts, no doubt, for the fact of the animal's body jumping out of the hollow. Sometimes, indeed, the back of the animal is quite arched after the contraction. After two or three minutes the spontaneous movements cease, and the corpse becomes stiff in death.

The net result at which Dr. Loye arrives, after a long and detailed study, is that decapitation puts the animal into a state of rapid asphyxia, and into that of more or less complete inhibition; but that after once the head is severed from the trunk there is no more suffering.

There Was a Time.

"Was there ever a time in your life, Mr. Slammaround," asked Miss Lillbud, in tones of tender sentiment, "when all the world seemed a dreary waste to you; when your heart was hungry and starving; all the sweet springs of your life were turned to bitterness, and death seemed the sweetest boon the gods could offer you; when all the light was dark, and all friends seemed false?"

"There was, there was," said Slammaround, earnestly; "I can remember it as though it was yesterday. I was only fifteen years old at the time, and I was enduring the miseries of my first cigar."

He Got 'em There.

One stormy night about four months ago a little girl was born into a family where there was already a boy three or four years old. One bad evening this week the father and mother were going out, and the boy wanted to go and take the baby. To this the mother objected strenuously, and for a final argument she said:

"But, my son, don't you know we can't take little sister out such a stormy night as this!"

"Well, I don't care," he replied. "It was a good deal stormier than this the night she came here."

Tit for Tat.

Ethel—Jack, why is it that in certain countries, the king may assume the crown at fourteen years of age, and cannot marry before eighteen?

Jack (who has just had the worst of an argument)—Because it is more difficult to rule a wife than a kingdom.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA

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CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

Guelda went slowly among the sodden yellow autumn leaves that lay underfoot towards one of her favorite spots. This was a circular plot of old greensward near the fish-ponds, ringed by a gravel-walk and fenced in by high yew-hedges. In the centre of the grass-plot lay recumbent stone effigies, some of which, in spite of ravages of time and weather through ages, still showed abbots' mitres and parts of croziers carved in the honeyed granite; others were knights in armor with odd little sculptured hounds at their feet. It had been the former burial-ground of the Abbots of Sheen.

As the girl paced slowly round and round, a voice suddenly sounded that made her heart stand still a moment or two, though immediately afterwards all the blood in her body seemed surging through its veins faster than ever before, in a wild torrent of rapture.

"Guelda!" the voice was said, and, turning her head, Guelda saw Ronald Airlie standing only a step from her, in one of the openings of the yew-hedge.

"You have come at last—at last!" exclaimed the girl, putting out both her hands in an impulse of the affection that so possessed her that it could not be restrained, while her brown eyes, into which the glad light of love had leapt gloriously, looked with a tender reproach into his.

Airlie grasped her hands tightly, and, drawing nearer, gazed down at the beautiful face, that was now all aswoon for joy, as though as if his eyes were trying to read her very soul.

She went on, almost babbling in her confusion of great joy—

"But—but what does it all mean? Oh, Ronald, I have so much to tell you! Sometimes my heart seemed broken! Yet I would not have you think that; I would wish you to have only happy thoughts of me always. And, oh, why did you never write!"

"Why did you never write to me, Guelda?" was Ronald's answer, still holding her close, while a deep line of trouble appeared between his brows, and his voice had a ring of reproach under the loving tone which made Guelda's heart flutter within her. "Not one line, little lady, in answer to all mine; so at last I could stand the suspense no longer, and without warning, hither I came."

"No letter of mine—none, none! Oh, Ronald, and I wrote imploring you—days, weeks ago—to come soon, and I never heard once from you since then!"

"You did not! I wrote every day! I thought you would possibly think me a fool for my pains; but that mattered nothing if you were in trouble and I could help you. Each day I imagined some new reason for your silence and tried to argue it away. I think I should have gone mad with fearing you were ill, but I invented some excuse to write to Lady Ermyntrude, your neighbor, and she answered me that she had seen you and you looked well and happy. My poor darling, that last was not true, I am afraid!"—and, overcome with a great pity, as he now noticed a sorrowful change in Guelda's appearance, dark circles under her eyes, telling of grief and sleeplessness, a dimming of the brown orbs, even already a slight hollow in her cheeks, Airlie drew her into a lover's embrace.

"But what does it all mean?" uttered the girl, presently remembering herself and trembling. "Oh, Ronald, those letters! My mother must have stopped them—and I am afraid of him! Why did he do it?"

"Heaven only knows! But who cares? He is not your legal guardian, my child; you are perfectly free. What matters about our letters, now we have each other this minute and for always—have we not?"

And Ronald tried to chase away the tears of this young tender creature, who was all the world to him, by the growing ardour of his love. She trembled like a little bird in his arms; but now he had come, and none should frighten her. She was his goddess, his star, and yet he should be his sweet task to shield and protect her as a weaker being whilst their lives lasted. To him the loveliest, most divine-like woman he had ever seen, she was still lovelier now, transfigured by her late weeping and watching into a paler, sadder beauty that appealed inexpressibly to all his manly feelings of pity and deep sympathy as well as his love. Great as this had been, he found that still a greater rush of love—over feelings of his soul than he had dreamed of owning—streamed out to meet her.

But, with a sudden effort, Guelda freed herself a little from his clasp, and, looking up with eyes full of agonised woe replacing their late joy, murmured:

"I am wicked to let you go on like this and not tell you what has happened! Ronald, my grandfather left no will, and I have nothing in the world; that is why I wrote to you—

Ronald Airlie laughed merrily, and stopped the further faltering words upon her lips by softly intercepting them by contact of his own. Then he answered:

"I know it all, dear. It is common report that you are no heiress now. I am sorry for your sake; for my own, I am frankly delighted. Don't think me very selfish, but I hated to feel I could give you nothing more than you would already have; now my little will and suffice for us both."

"No, Ronald, no; that is why I wanted to see you just once more to say good-bye—for your sake, dear, not for mine—I would not hamper your life." Guelda was white to the lips, but her said voice was firm.

"What," exclaimed the young man, in a frenzy of feeling—"give you up! Guelda for my sake! Can it be possible that you wish this for your own?"—holding her back from him hastily.

But the pale face full of beseeching sorrow which met his stern gaze dispelled all maddening doubts.

"No, you do love me," he exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "thank Heaven!"

"Yes, I love you, and I shall never love any one else as I love you—never!" was Guelda's firm response.

"Then I will never give you up—that I swear—unless you yourself wish to marry some other!" cried the young man, once more taking possession of her in his strong arms, in spite of her protestations, that yet were but half-hearted.

He allowed her to tell her tale just for the delight of seeing her grief at possible parting and quickly disposed of her objections, her objections as to little Bertrand—of chiding or kissing away all her fears. Lost in mutual contemplation, while the yew-hedge burial-place seemed a little lovers' paradise, neither heard a tread, cautious as that of a cat, approaching. Then uncle Robert's chuckling laugh in their very ears made both lovers suddenly start asunder.

"He, he he—a very edifying spectacle! Will you be good enough, sir, to leave my grounds at once?"

CHAPTER XXI.

After uncle Robert had so rudely dispelled the almost sacred happiness of the lovers' interview, Guelda could only confusedly recall what followed. There were angry words between the two men. But, while the new Lord Loudon was insolent, with the mean triumph of well assured place and wealth glittering in his half shut eyes as he surveyed the man upon whose birthright he was standing as master, Airlie, though pale with passion, stood unruffled and calm in his haughty self possession, not a word or gesture escaping him but such as was worthy of himself as a gentleman. He bore himself quietly under the uncle's coarsely-uttered inquiries as to what he meant and orders to give up all thought of Guelda.

"I tell you, sir, I love Guelda!"

"I found your card up at the house—Captain Airlie—a poor hanger-on to the Duke of Islay, your cousin. Forsooth!"

Airlie's eyes gleamed dangerously for a moment; but, deigning no notice of the insult, he repeated unmovedly that, as Miss Seaton was free and had done him the honor to promise to become his wife, he hoped to marry her the first moment she would consent to the union. Uncle Robert launched into his poverty; and then, turning on Guelda, who stood by with quivering lips and heart that seemed bursting under the anger and discovery shown to Airlie, he went on, with a sneer:

"Two beggars together! Well, it is easy to see you take after your mother, the Italian organ-grinder. There is not much, if any, of the Seaton blood in you. Throw over the Duke like a pretty fool, but don't come whining with a troop of brats afterwards asking me to support them. You won't get a penny from me!"

"I would accept none!" retorted Guelda, with hotly-flashing anger inherited from her mother's Southern blood and her father's race.

"A Seaton—I wonder you call yourself one! I can, hardly believe, when I look at you, that you are my grandfather's son. He loved me, and, were he alive, you would not dare to treat me as you have done!"

Her uncle's face turned perfectly livid. Even in her tempest of anger Guelda was electrified at the change made in his features by rage as his usual mask of reserve was dropped.

"You dare to speak so to me—your uncle! You shall pay dearly for this!" he snarled. Then grasping her wrist and giving it a quick but vicious twist that made her extremely, he went on between his teeth: "You might have had a chance of your fortune if you had tried some of the pretty graces of which you can air to others, you minx! But now—

He was stopped short, being hurled back from Guelda by a strong arm, strong as his own, which had caught him and was giving him a violent shaking. Powerless in Ronald Airlie's grasp, every bone in the new Lord Loudon's body must have rattled before he was set free, gasping and cowed.

"There—your niece, I hope, will no longer remain under the protection of such a man who can threaten a defenceless girl!" said Airlie, sternly standing over him. "But Miss Seaton is not friendless. It shall be known through the country how, after enjoying the fortune your father meant to leave her, you use personal violence to your brother's orphaned girl."

To his scornful surprise, Lord Loudon broke into feeble apologies and protestations.

"I never meant to hurt her! She's always been kind to her and the boy. You know I refused to let you into the world and work"—turning with an almost abject appeal to Guelda. "I've been good enough to keep you both in good clothes and the rest of it, and I say so still. I ain't a bad sort after all, though I've had a temper, and I've suffered for it these years. As to ill-treating you, Guelda, I've tried to show good will to you as my brother's daughter; but you never would like me. I'll be kind to you hated me from the first." He drew the back of his hand across his eyes as he spoke and there was a convulsive sound in his throat.

Guelda, feeling her anger melting away and burning brown eyes, felt his indictment was true, and was almost ashamed of herself.

"Come, look here, uncle Robert," with a cringing air of conciliation; "let us all be friends! You had better come back to my roof, Guelda, or gossip will be set going if you leave with no where to go to. Marry you, you like; it's nothing to me! As to you, Captain Airlie, you have insulted and nearly throttled me—a man old enough to be your father. I say only this, that if you are a gentleman, you—you will remember every one has a right to his own land, and treat accordingly here."

He had recovered some portion of his courage as he watched Airlie's face, which during the last few minutes had changed to mere contempt from the first growth of wrath.

Ronald accepted the hint, and, with the self-possessed manner of a well-born man, turned to Guelda:

"He is right," he said; "for the present it must be so. But I shall come to claim you very soon."

"No, no," she whispered, so low that uncle Robert could not apparently hear her, her former fears and Grizel's warning having returned with fresh, terrifying force to her mind, "for his sake. Leave me to my fate. It cannot be as you wish. You will think me some day."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Ronald as low, in an altered voice, looking at her fixedly.

"Yes," murmured Guelda faintly, her lips hardly framing the word that her heart longed to alter into "No."

Airlie bowed silently over her hand as he raised it to his lips, and, with a slight gesture of farewell to the man whom he had so lately chastised and a strange look on his face, walked away quietly. Guelda felt as if her heart died within her while she watched him.

A week later it was announced in the newspapers that Captain Airlie had volunteered for active service, and was under orders for Egypt.

Day after day, night after night, in the weeks that followed, Guelda Seaton knew the torment of doubting her own right judgment in turning away Ronald Airlie—of feeling that his pain and possible misconception of her motive increased her own pain. What had she gained by it? She had lost her only protector, and was almost utterly alone in the world.

Bertrand, her little brother—surely she was right neither to deem him nor make him a weight upon one on whom the boy had no claim! But the little fellow had sworved from his allegiance to her! And after day by day made hasty excuses if asked to stay a little with his sister or entreated to begin his lessons again, lovingly entreated, caressed, with every wile that fondest affection could suggest.

Guelda began to feel as if she had made her sacrifice in vain.—Could it be that Bino, to whom she had been a little mother since his own mother died, the child for whom she had toiled, herself almost still a child—to when she, though hungry, had so often given her last crust—could it be that he had ceased to care? She felt like one whose child has inflicted that bitterest pang of ingratitude on a mother's heart. She called up all the pictures of the past before her mind—Bino as the puling blackeyed babe whom the little sister had rocked for hours to sleep in her arms as a mother; the grown older, how she had carried him on her shoulder, played with him, been so proud to bring home from school the young man that began to work. He had been her chief thought these nine years, till Ronald Airlie came. And now—

One morning Guelda went out with the daily almost vain hope of persuading her little brother to come with her for a few minutes' talk. Bertrand had not done an hour's lessons since their grandfather died. In vain Guelda begged that he might be sent back to his late tutor, the curate. Uncle Robert had laughed and promised, and delayed a week—joked again, and delayed still more. But, if the boy wanna be petted and treated as a live toy asked for education as a favor, he might consent. Guelda arranged the loving words in her own mind. She would remind Bino how big he was getting—certainly he was growing very tall, too tall perhaps for his years—and would make him take pride in the thought that soon he would be a man and able to work for himself. He must go back to lessons and learn; then he would certainly make a great fortune, he was so clever. He drew little figures of men and horses already with such amazing quickness that he would very likely be a great painter; and then he had a wonderful ear for music, and might instead become one day a composer—who could say?

As Guelda approached the stable-yard she heard the sounds of some commotion going on. She hesitated, but, distinguishing her young brother's voice, was moved by curiosity to look in. What she saw made all the blood in her body boil up with indignation.

Her grandfather's pet mastiff, aged truly, but still handsome and hearty, was lying on the ground muzzled, while one of the new stablemen lately engaged was kicking and beating the poor animal to make him rise, and another was dragging at a cord round his neck, half strangling the dog. Uncle Robert stood by chuckling, with his hat on the back of his head and his thumbs in his arm-holes.

"Stir him up—that's it! Have you got the bag of stones to tie round his neck? Prod him in the ribs, Bertie, my son. We'll make him march like a hero to his grave. He, he, he!"

Bino, with a child's thoughtlessness, or perhaps having inherited some of the proverbial Italian cruelty to animals, was indeed foremost in the group hallooing and capering. In another second Guelda had sprung among them, expending the men by her unexpected appearance. She tore the rope out of the groom's hand,

"Go back, Bertrand—stand off, you men!" she exclaimed like a young virago, commanding them all. Then, heedless of consequences in her brave defence of the poor dog, received with disgust and indignation upon her uncle.

"Shame—shame upon you all, and you most, uncle Robert, for such a wicked act! Do you not Nero is licking my feet—he knew you were going to drown him! If you must kill this favorite of your father's before he is two months old, his grave, could you not do it in some painless, more decent way than this! Or what harm would it do you to let this poor dumb brute live a little longer?"

"Thank you," replied her uncle, pulling off his hat with an ironical bow. "How many more useless encumbrances would you like me to keep eating my bread-and-cheese? Perhaps, while along out of this, young lady! We'll give the old brute a few more parting reminders for your sake. Do thank your fortunate stars for it."

"If you had never come home," cried Guelda, beside herself, "you know that the old dog would have been petted and treated well as long as he could enjoy life!"

"And you would have had your fortune, my pretty dear; so it was about time I did turn up here—eh?" jeered his lordship, with an ugly look on his face.

What possessed Guelda she could never tell, unless it was the intolerable meanness and malignity of the man's tone and look which seemed like a sudden revelation of his inner self; but, always a creature of impulse, she cried out aloud a sudden thought that rose in her mind, hardly knowing her lips framed it in speech.

"I do not believe you are my uncle Robert Seaton at all! What son who pretended to weep for his father as you did would behave as you are doing? If any one told me you were an impostor, I could easily credit it."

The grooms and stable-helpers stood by open-mouthed at the brave way in which this young girl did battle with the master whom they already disliked and despised. Much gossip as to his unknown doings abroad and unflattering surmises thereon were afoot among them; so the men were secretly gratified. As to Bertrand, he stood petrified, his little soul frightened to its centre.

Lord Loudon had certainly turned paler than usual, and remained as if speechless for a few moments at the effrontery of this attack; but when he answered very quietly, though in a constrained voice and with bent brows—

"Really! And may I ask, Miss Seaton, what you would consider right behavior for my brother's sole surviving child and heir? I suppose, to crawl about till he is blind and toothless?"

"Yes," said Guelda, still with the same strange breathless feeling upon her.

"Take him then," said Loudon, with a short laugh; and, turning to the men, he continued: "Women are hard to please. They won't even believe a father when he recognises the son he knew at one-and-twenty. Perhaps this will satisfy her."

There was an answering murmur of satisfaction from the group, but it was at the escape of the dog, which most had secretly voted a fine beast that deserved a better end.

"May I do what I like with Nero?" asked Guelda. "Will you let me give him away?"

"Whatever you please, so long as I hear no more of the brute," answered Loudon, with a curse.

Guelda walked away with her head high, holding the dog's collar, and went straight to the village.

"Hillis," she said, entering the former butler's cottage, "I have brought you a pensioner; but I can't afford to pay for him." And she told him the story.

"So long as I have a bite or sup Nero shall never want his," answered Hillis cheerily, who seemed rejuvenated by his marriage, though owning he felt sadly out of employment. Then out his accustomed duties. But under "Master Robert" he could not serve.

"Well, my dear, I'm late young mistress, with curious earnestness; "should you have recognised this Lord Loudon when he came here unless he had told you who he was?"

Hillis looked puzzled.

"Well, Miss Guelda, that's hard to say. A man alters so much with years, you see; but then he come to remind me of little things that happened when he was a boy, that only him and me would have remembered, except it might be your father, why, then, that settled it!"

"I suppose so," said Guelda, musing; but she did not feel convinced.

CHAPTER XXII.

From this time forward Guelda began to find herself subjected to a domestic espionage that presently became a daily and petty and mean, and, now and then, very inquisitive. Bino, she knew for certain now that her letters had been stopped, so she wrote no more. Indeed to whom could she write? Not to Grizel, if the latter emerged from her retreat. Alas, not to Ronald!

What other friends had she? For the kindly acquaintance, even the intimate friends she had counted by scores in the summer, seemed as if died or dead in her present solitude and seclusion. Guelda had known none of them well enough to justify her writing to any for advice or assistance. And Islay, could she even have found means to post a letter to him, was thought about as one she knew not where.

Even her walks were now taken under supervision, for Julie was ordered to be always in attendance upon her.

"It was more correct to have a chaperon when there was no knowing who might be meeting her next about the woods and wilds," said uncle Robert, alluding with a sneer to Airlie's one solitary visit.

She began to know that she was watched, distrusted, disliked by her new uncle with absolute hatred, as she thought, judging from little signs; or could it be fear? On the other hand, Guelda herself was beset by the latter feeling at times, as new doubts began to haunt her. What if her will suspicion proved true, that this man was not really Robert Seaton at all? In that case she would be living under the supposed guardianship of an impostor, perhaps worse.

A thousand trifles, though light as air, yet seemed to point towards the confirmation of her secret supposition—the man's manner at times towards herself, which at first had been more familiar than, or different from, what their relationship warranted, a vulgarity of thought and often of speech, an ignorance of the usages of good society, which the number of vagabond years could seem to account for.

No, this co-called uncle of hers was not a gentleman—never could have been bred as one to manhood's age. Guelda remembered she had heard that her uncle Robert, in spite of his wildness, had made a very creditable figure at college in classics and history, inheriting his father's qualities of intellect. But, having tried to draw this uncle back to these subjects, as a more common bond between them than his ordinary conversation, he had turned on the weather, jesting compliments or veiled sneers on her looks, according to his humor, and owing shaft directed at Bino, she found he resented the efforts, while some flagrant blunders into which he was betrayed showed he had utterly forgotten all such knowledge if he had ever possessed it. On the other hand, he puzzled her by showing a fair acquaintance with foreign languages. And this man seemed to know absolutely nothing of a great portion of the family history, though his memory was so remarkably good on other points. But Lord Loudon, his father, had recognised him; and old Lady Ermyntrude Gardiner—

"Am I going mad?" Guelda pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, racked with the pain and sense of a great danger hovering on this side, now on the other.

"I cannot help it! she exclaimed at last. "I may be deficient in worldly wisdom—this doesn't seem a grain of common sense in my idea, and I can't argue it out! But, though logic and facts and every one's else opinion may be against me, I don't believe he is Robert Seaton. Robert Seaton was a gentleman; this man is an illiterate boor."

Guelda grasped this decision, Guelda felt helped out of the quagmire of doubts and confusion of attempted reasoning in which her mind had been pounding, for days, vainly with the idea, however reasonless the process by which her mind had arrived at it, she felt convinced, and there was an end of useless self-argument.

Now she could look around from this new stand-point and survey the situation. Guelda remembered her grandfather had never liked defenceless in the power of a supposed guardian, who, in truth, had unscrupulously robbed them both, and must have kept them out of his path. Yes, and although her grandfather had himself destroyed his last will—and Guelda began to have her suspicions on this head—still Sheen Abbey, the place he had loved, and therefore belonged, she believed to little Bertrand at that very moment—the child who was treated as a dependant, scarcely better than a servant with the stable-boys, denied any education.

Guelda raised her head, feeling strong with a great secret resolution. "I must find out who I is! I must! I must! I must

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAZEL IS ARRESTED.

"I can do nothing," she said to herself, a sort of still despair settling over her, "the necklace is mine, and I am innocent of any wrong. I shall let it remain in my trunk, and if it is found, all I can do is to tell the story of my life and how I came to have it. If I should attempt to conceal it, and it should then be discovered every one would be sure to believe me guilty."

Poor Hazel! it was a terrible day for her, and she was very grateful that Belle was excused from all study, for it was impossible for her to think of anything but the great trouble and shadow of coming evil that seemed to threaten her.

During the afternoon the detective arrived, a quiet, unobtrusive, gentlemanly person, whom no one would have supposed to be such a dangerous official.

Mrs. Stewart told him her story in the presence of her daughters and Hazel, and though he seemed to give his undivided attention to the bare facts of the case, he was quietly studying every face throughout the recital.

"You have been very discreet," he said, when she had finished, "in keeping so quiet about your loss. The first thing to be done is to search every person and every nook and corner of this house; and, if you please, we will begin with the servants and their rooms."

The servants were called, one by one, questioned and searched, and then shut into a room by themselves until their quarters had been thoroughly overhauled.

All this took time and the sun had begun to go down before it was completed and the captive maids allowed to go back to their allotted tasks.

"Now we will take your own chambers, madam," the detective said, glancing from Mrs. Stewart upon the faces of the other members of the family with keen scrutiny. "You understand, of course," he added, with a polite bow, "that it is not necessary because of any suspicion resting upon any of you, but it is barely possible that the valuable trinket may have been concealed in one of your rooms, by some one else, until the excitement is over, when it would easily be spirited away. We will take these apartments on the right first. Who occupies this chamber?" he asked, stepping into Belle's room.

Mrs. Stewart told him, and he began turning over things in a careless way, but without making any discovery.

The girls' sitting-room came next, and then they passed on to Hazel's room.

It was scrupulously neat, everything having been arranged in the most dainty and orderly manner.

The detective glanced around it appreciatively.

"Who occupies this room?" he inquired.

"I do," said Hazel, quietly.

The man's keen glance rested for a moment upon her fair face. She was very pale, but otherwise calm and self-possessed. She knew that the supreme moment for her had come, but she resolved to meet it as bravely as she could and trust the rest in God's hands.

"Is this your trunk?" asked the officer, pointing to it."

"Yes, sir."

"I shall be obliged to trouble you to unlock it and remove the contents," he said, politely.

Hazel unhesitatingly took her keys from a hook underneath the mantel, dropped upon her knees before the trunk, unlocked it and threw back the lid.

It was in perfect order. Garments of spotless whiteness were neatly folded and arranged with great nicety, and it did not seem a likely place for a thief to conceal his booty.

She began to remove the articles, one by one, and lay them upon the floor, the detective standing by while Mrs. Stewart and her daughters seated themselves to watch the operation.

There was not the slightest evidence of guilt in Hazel's manner, and, but for her excessive pallor, the officer would not have had the slightest suspicion of her. This he watched the moment he entered the house, and, upon being told her position, he had furtively watched her ever since.

Besides clothing, there were several boxes in the trunk containing handkerchiefs, ribbons, gloves, laces, and keepsakes, all of which she laid out while the man opened them and carefully examined their contents. At last the bottom of the trunk was reached—there was nothing left within it save a package neatly pinned in a fine linen towel, and—the square white box containing the fatal necklace.

By this time the detective was nearly disarmed of his vague suspicions. Hazel was so quiet and calm in her movements, so ready to unpack everything, and so unshrinkingly allowed him to overhaul the contents of her trunk, that he was led to believe that there was no contraband article in her possession—at least in her trunk.

"That is all," said Hazel, briefly, and, with a slight gesture, indicating that the trunk was emptied of all save those two articles.

"What is in that bundle?" the man asked, glancing at it.

"Some clothing that I wore when I was a little child," she answered.

"Are you willing that I should examine it?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

Her answer was so ready that he did not consider it necessary.

"And that box—anything valuable in that?" he asked, as a mere matter of form.

"It contains a memento that belonged to—my mother," Hazel replied, lifting her beautiful eyes to him, and meeting his gaze with perfect frankness, though her lips quivered slightly as she uttered the sacred name of mother.

"Is your mother living?" he inquired.

"No, sir," she returned, tears starting to her eyes.

"I believe you are all right, my young lady," he returned, stepping back, touched by her emotion, and shrinking, with an unusual feeling of delicacy, from prying among those relics of a sacred past. "Put up your trumpery and we'll move on to something else."

Hazel gave an involuntary sigh of relief at these words, thankful that the terrible ordeal was past and she was safe.

The sound smote upon the man's ear, and aroused him like an an electric current.

He turned about like a flash.

"By the way, we may as well have a glance inside that box," he said, his eagle eye searching her face.

Hazel knew, all too late, that she had betrayed herself.

She stood like a statue.

Her heart sank like lead, her eyelids fluttered nervously, and her lips curled almost spasmodically, all of which was remarked by the shrewd man beside her.

He stooped and took the box from the trunk, yet shrank instinctively from touching the ribbon that bound it.

"You will oblige me by opening this," he said courteously, holding it toward her.

Mechanically she took one end of the ribbon, pulled the loose bow apart, then let her hand drop without offering to remove the cover; but marble could not have been whiter than the face the man looked upon.

Without another word he lifted the lid, removed the layer of spotless cotton which he found underneath, and an involuntary whistle of astonishment broke from him as the sparkle of the brilliant gems caught his eye.

Mrs. Stewart sprang forward with a cry of delight and amazement.

"My necklace!" she exclaimed. "Who would have believed it!"

Belle and Helena both leaped to their feet, and rushed to her side, with wide eyes and white, frightened faces.

"Are you sure that this is your property, madam?" the detective inquired, with his eyes still on Hazel's face.

Beyond her extreme pallor, she was as calm and composed as she had been all through the ordeal, and he could not help feeling that there was something very mysterious about the affair.

"Of course it is mine!" Mrs. Stewart returned, with some hauteur. "Here are my daughters; ask them to identify it. Helena, Belle look and tell him."

"There can be no mistake; any one who saw you with it on last night could identify it," Helena said, with calm assurance.

"It looks exactly like yours, mamma," Belle confessed, in a low, frightened tone, and bestowing a sorrowful glance upon Hazel.

"Well, my young lady, what have you to say about it?" the detective sternly questioned.

"The necklace is mine, Hazel answered, quietly, and meeting his glance steadily.

"Heavens! what audacity!" murmured Helena, in a voice of horror; but Belle's face cleared instantly at the assertion.

"Why, Miss Gay! what a perfectly preposterous statement!" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart aghast, and with great indignation. "With your own hands you fastened it about my neck last evening, in the presence of Helena and Belle, before I went to the dancing hall."

"Not this one, Mrs. Stewart; this, I repeat, is mine! I believe," she continued, turning her clear eyes once more upon the detective, and standing calmly before him with folded hands, "that it belonged to my mother."

"You believe! Don't you know?" demanded the man.

"No, sir, not positively. May I tell you what I do know about it?"

"Certainly; you have a right to defend yourself, if you can!" he answered, but he spoke coldly and skeptically.

"I do not know who either my father or mother were," Hazel began, sadly. "I do not even know their name or my own. I have a dim recollection of being on the ocean with a gentleman and a good many other people during a terrible storm. The vessel was wrecked and upon the point of sinking, when I was almost miraculously rescued by a lighthouse keeper, who, with his assistants and grandson, saw the danger, and put off from the shore to try to save whom he could. He reached the vessel just as it was going down. I was thrown to him from the deck, by a man whom he supposed to be my father, and he caught me in his arms; he had just time to get out of the way of the sinking ship when it went down, with all on board, and I was the only one who was saved. When the shawls and wraps, which were bound about me, were removed, this necklace was found around my neck, and a belt, containing upward of five thousand dollars, was taken from my body. This is all I know—all that I can tell you about the necklace and the way it came into my possession; but it is a sacred heir-loom to me, and I have kept it all these years, hoping that some day it would lead to the discovery of my parents."

"A very pretty and very romantic story, truly, miss; but it remains to be proved," returned the detective, laconically, when she concluded. "Now, I think we'd better see the inside of your bundle, that may also contain something valuable."

Hazel flushed slightly at his tone, but stooped to take the package from the trunk, and, removing the pins from the towel, unfolded the articles of clothing that lay within it.

There was the little seal-skin coat lined with quilted silk, the pretty wrapper of flannel trimmed with swan's-down, and the dainty night-robe, with the costly lace gathered about the neck and sleeves, which had been worn by the little waif whom Sandy Morton had rescued from a watery grave, on that dull, cold morning in November so many years ago.

Mrs. Stewart bent forward to examine them, a look of wonder on her face.

"These garments were very nice and costly," she said. "I felt they were yours; you must have belonged to a wealthy family. I can believe all but the story of the necklace; that I know is mine. I do not believe there was ever another could like it."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Stewart," Hazel returned, gently, "this is not the one you wore last night. Do you not remember my exclamation of surprise when you got it?"

"Yes, I remember that you were very much excited, and that your hands shook when you fastened it about my neck; but that circumstance only adds to the conviction that you have robbed me. I thought it very strange at the time; the purpose must have taken possession of you then,' the woman returned, severely.

"No," said Hazel, "you misconstrue my emotion entirely, "I was almost on the point of claiming your necklace as mine. I, like yourself, could not believe there were two like the world alike. Have you forgotten how readily I fastened the clasp and you remarked it with surprise?"

"I remember that," Mrs. Stewart admitted, looking disturbed.

"Ah!" remarked the detective, "is there anything peculiar about the clasp?"

"Yes, it is quite complicated?"

"And she fastened it without any showing!"

"Yes, she happened to; but it must have been all by chance."

"No, said Hazel, "I am as familiar with it as I am with the simple winding of my watch. I have clasped it a hundred times, and the moment you went away last night, I rushed here and unpacked my trunk to see if my treasure was safe; Miss Stewart saw me in the act when she came back for Belle's wrap," and the young girl turned to Helena for corroboration of her statement.

"Yes," she admitted, coldly, "I found her here on her knees, with her clothing lying in confusion all about her; but, of course, no one is going to credit such an unlikely story. What is more probable, she was getting ready to conceal the thing when she could get possession of it."

"But I had it here, I held it in my hands after you were gone," persisted Hazel, steadfastly.

"You will have to prove that before we shall believe it," retorted the girl, scornfully.

The officer was watching them both closely—the proud, imperious beauty who was so intolerant, and in whose eyes there was an unmistakable gleam of malice, and the gentle, lovely maiden who ever once forgot to be a lady, and who told her story in such a straightforward, unimpassioned way.

"Can you prove that this necklace was found on your person? Is the lighthouse keeper who rescued you living?" he asked.

"No; he died several years ago, and there is no mark upon the necklace," Hazel answered, wearily.

"What has become of his assistant and grandson?" pursued the detective.

"The man who helped him I know nothing of; the grandson, I—is not in this country," the young girl answered, flushing.

She was more and more determined not to implicate Percy, if she could possibly avoid it. She feared, since she had withheld the truth regarding her previous acquaintance with him, that they might perhaps accuse him of being her accomplice if she should appeal to him to identify the necklace, for he, too, would have only his word to prove it, while there were hosts of witnesses who could swear to Mrs. Stewart's previous possession of it.

"Where is this young man?" persisted the officer, who had noticed her flush.

"In France," Hazel admitted, reluctantly.

"What is his name?"

"I—I prefer not to give it," she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Look here, my young lady," said the man, brusquely, yet not unkindly, "perhaps you do not realize that you are in a very critical position just now; if you cannot prove what you have just told us, it will be my duty to arrest you, which, I am free to confess, I am very loth to do, and you will be tried for theft; so it stands you in hand to bring all the evidence you can to corroborate your statements."

Hazel sank down, and put out her hand to the mantel to steady herself, as she listened to this.

"I have told you only the truth," she said, after a minute, during which she struggled to recover herself; "but I have only my own word to substantiate it."

Helena sneered audibly, and then turning, she abruptly left the room.

Belle, on the contrary, drew close to her unhappy friend and slipped her arm around her waist, while her eyes, as they rested upon her face, were full of a fond trust and sympathy.

"Then you utterly refuse to give us the name of this young man?" said the detective.

"I cannot—at least, not now," Hazel replied, firmly.

The detective bent his head in thought for a few moments. Then he said to Mrs. Stewart:

"You have told me that you locked the door of your room immediately after your eldest daughter left you; saw you put the keys in its case, left you; that you examined every window screen, and found it securely fastened; that there was no evidence, when you awoke, of any one having been in the room during the night; that when you came down in the morning you re-locked your door, and put the key in your pocket, and that you met Miss Gay just coming in from a row on the water?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stewart, in reply to all this.

"You told me, also, that Miss Gay went out very early—at six o'clock?" he pursued.

"Yes: she says she went out at the time, and the servants say the same."

"Then it is very evident that, if she stole this necklace from you, she must have entered your room sometime between the hour of your return from the ball and six o'clock this morning!

Mrs. Stewart looked both puzzled and distressed.

"I do not see how that could be," she said, "for the key was in my door this morning just as I left it after locking it last night."

"Is there any other way of entering your room?"

"There is a door between it and the spare chamber: but that is always locked."

"Is the key in the lock?"

"No; it has a disagreeable way of falling out, and I keep it hanging on a hook that is driven into the casing."

"Do you remember seeing that key this morning before leaving the room?" the detective asked.

"I do; my attention was called to it from the fact that a spider had woven a web about it," Mrs. Stewart said, bnt looking very grave, for she clearly saw toward what all this questioning tended. It seemed to prove that Hazel had not by any means have entered her room and taken her necklace.

The detective again bent his head in thought. Presently he walked to Hazel's door, and removed the key.

"Stay here," he commanded; "let no one leave the room."

He went out, but returned in less than three minutes looking very resolute and stern.

"The mystery is solved!" he said, holding up the key that he had removed from the door, "this will unlock the door between your room and the spare chamber; it was doubtless opened and your necklace removed while you were sleeping, after your return from her grace's. Young lady," laying his hand upon Hazel's shoulder, "it becomes my duty to arrest you, in the name of the queen."

Hazel turned her pallid face to Mrs. Stewart.

"Oh! dear Mrs. Stewart," she cried, in an agonized tone, "what you will do for me and such wrong! I never have taken a farthing's worth from any one, and what I have told you is every word true."

"I regret for your sake that I cannot believe it," replied the woman coldly, "and I have no power to prevent the action of the law."

"I return you your property, madam," said the detective, passing the necklace to Mrs. Stewart. "I am glad, on your account, that it was so readily recovered. It is evidently very valuable, and I would advise you to guard it with double vigilance hereafter. You understand, however, that it will have to be produced in court at the time of the trial. Come now, miss," he added to Hazel, "you can get yourself ready at once to go with me."

"Oh! cried the young girl, again turning to Mrs. Stewart, and extending her hands pleadingly for her precious treasure, "you must not have that—it is not yours! I beg that you will give it back to me; it is the only thing, save those three little garments, by which I can prove my identity, if I should ever meet my parents. I cannot part with it; truly, truly, it belongs to me!"

Mrs. Stewart shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"Miss Gay, you would make a good actress," she said, curling with scorn. Then, she added, with more feeling, "I am both pained and shocked by this disgraceful occurrence. I have trusted you implicitly, and made you as one of my family, believing you strictly conscientious, and that you were faithful in your duty to myself and my daughter."

"I am conscientious, and I have tried to be faithful, I have done no wrong," Hazel affirmed, with quiet dignity, having repressed her emotion regarding her necklace, for she saw that it was worse than useless to contend for it.

"Mamma, I believe her, and I will never forgive you if she has to go to prison. If you think it is yours, keep the necklace—oh! why were they not both marked; though I am not sure that you have a right to ask it; but save Hazel from the shame of such an arrest and a trial," Belle cried, her face crimson with indignation, while she still clung with both arms to her friend.

"Hush, Belle, you do not know what you are talking about," returned her mother, sternly. "An offence of this kind cannot be condoned; if we did not make an example of criminals, no one would be safe. Go to your own room, Belle, while I help Miss Gay to get ready to go."

"Mamma—mamma, you never shall let her go to prison," Belle cried, wringing her hands in an agony of grief. "At least, let her be free till she is tried—give bonds for her, take that belongs to me, my whole fortune, only save her from that."

"Leave the room, Belle," repeated Mrs. Stewart, sternly. Then, as she did not obey, but continued to cling to Hazel, she took her forcibly by the arm, led her out, and shut the door after her.

The officer stepped into the hall, saying that he would remain there until Hazel was ready.

Mrs. Stewart helped her to gather up a few necessary articles to take with her, saying that she would repack her trunk, and it should be at her disposal at any future time when she required it.

Then Hazel went forth from her pretty room where she had been so happy during the last few weeks; but she looked very little like a criminal, with that quiet dignity of manner, and that pure, beautiful face, which was as innocent as a child's.

The usually stoical detective, as he looked upon her, for once in his life felt a positive hatred of his duty and apparent success; it seemed almost like a sacrilegious act to lead this fair girl away to prison.

As he preceded her down stairs, and was about to conduct her from the house, a figure suddenly presented itself in the open door-way.

It was Lord Nelson Hartwell.

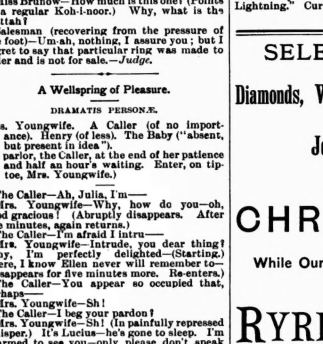
The next moment there was a scream, a hysterical sob, a rushing of nervous feet, and Belle flew to herself, weeping, into the young man's arms.

(To be Continued.)

Johnnie's Prayer.

Wee Johnnie, curled up in his little cot bed,
Through a rift in the curtain saw the shining moon peep;
He rose on his knees and with clasped hands he said,
"Please, Dod, blow your lamp out—me tan't do to sleep."

Buying the Engagement Ring.



Miss Brunow—How much is this one? (Points at a regular Koh-i-noor.) Why, what is this matah?

Salesman (recovering from the pressure of the foot)—Um-ah, nothing, I assure you; but I regret to say that particular ring was made to order and is not for sale.—*Judge.*

A Wellspring of Pleasure.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mrs. Youngwife. A Caller (of no importance). Henry (of less). The Baby ("absent, but present in idea").

(In parlor, the Caller, at the end of her patience and an hour's waiting. Enter, on tiptoe, Mrs. Youngwife.)

The Caller—Ah, Julia, I'm—

Mrs. Youngwife—Why, how do you—oh, good gracious! (Abruptly disappears. After five minutes, again returns.)

The Caller—I'm afraid I intru—

Mrs. Youngwife—Intrude, you dear thing? Why, I'm perfectly delighted—(Starting.) There, I know Ellen never will remember to—(Disappears for five minutes more. Re-enters.)

The Caller—You appear so occupied that, perhaps—

Mrs. Youngwife—Sh!

The Caller—I beg your pardon?

Mrs. Youngwife—Sh! (In painfully repressed whisper.) It's Lucius—he's gone to sleep. I'm charmed to see you—only please don't speak loud—he's so wakeful, Lucius is!

The Caller (whispering)—Isn't he well?

Mrs. Youngwife (boldly)—Well? Indeed he is! Everybody says such a healthy child never was seen. Well? The idea!

The Caller (cautiously)—He's about six months old, isn't he?

Mrs. Youngwife (stiffly)—My dear, I'm surprised at you! Lucius will be seven months old two weeks from next Tuesday morning at five minutes past six, precisely. But, really, you'd think him eight—you certainly would. He's so precocious, Lucius is!

The Caller (concluding to change subject)—Very cold to-day, don't you think?

Mrs. Youngwife—Truly it is I've not known such weather for ever so long—not since Lucius was born. But b'ess 'is 'little 'art, 'e does not mind it, mamma's own—

The Caller (seeking to recall Mrs. Youngwife to sense and coherence)—How is your husband?

Mrs. Youngwife (indifferently)—Henry? Oh, well enough—why not? I think it's nearly time for him to come home, but I'm not sure. I'm so occupied with Lucius—

The Caller—Some one told me that he's looking rather badly, and I—

Mrs. Youngwife (indignantly)—Whoever said that was one of those envious old maids who know nothing about it. The prettiest little thing—hair almost an inch long—and when he gets his teeth—

The Caller (mystified)—What! Who?

Mrs. Youngwife—Why, Lucius, of course!

The Caller (partly recovering herself)—Have you seen your friend, Mrs. Topnotch, lately?

Mrs. Youngwife—I don't know Mrs. Topnotch.

The Caller—No? You used to be very intimate, I thought.

Mrs. Youngwife—Yes, ages ago—before Lucius was born. But when a person insults me—

The Caller—What!

Mrs. Youngwife (becoming excited)—Outrages every sacred tie of one's heart—

The Caller—You surprise me!

Mrs. Youngwife (half crying)—Behaves like a perfect fiend—

The Caller (lost in amazement)—What can she have done?

Mrs. Youngwife (almost sobbing)—She said—she said—boo-hoo!—she said—that—

The Caller (with intense interest)—Oh, speak, quick!

Mrs. Youngwife (exploding).—That Lucius squinted! (Prolonged pause.)

The Caller (feebly).—Isn't it horrible about young Boodle? Accounts found short, you know.

Mrs. Youngwife.—Lucius' accounts will never be found short, I promise you. He's going to be a model of honor and propriety—for he's to be a lawyer. He'll be so legal, Lucius will!

The Caller.—He might succeed his father as—

Mrs. Youngwife.—A cotton broker? Upon my word! That's well enough for Henry—but, Lucius!

The Caller.—What does his father wish?

Mrs. Youngwife (with great haughtiness).—Lucius will be amply able to arrange his affairs—at dictation, I fancy. He'll be so self-poised, Lucius will!

The Caller (trying another topic)—There's to be a very interesting lecture to-morrow evening, Miss Styla, the celebrated authoress, speaks on The Higher Education of Women.

Mrs. Youngwife (sneering)—What does she know about it? The idea of her venturing to express any views on such a subject!

The Caller—She's generally thought an authority on it.

Mrs. Youngwife (scornful beyond description) —An authority! On the higher education of woman? Why, she hasn't—bless the woman, she hasn't—she hasn't any baby!

[The Caller, now rather at a loss what to say, is relieved by the arrival of Henry, who enters in a sidelong, apologetic way.]

Henry (with timid boldness)—Jule, how goes it? (To Caller.) Ah, how do you do? (Approaches to kiss Mrs. Youngwife.) Well, dear, all right, eh? I'm awfully glad to—

Mrs. Youngwife (in the very face of attempted osculation)—Oh! Henry, do shut that door—haven't you any consideration? You'll let a draft right upstairs upon Lucius. No, don't slam it—what a man you are—why, you may wake Lucius!

Henry (meekly obeying).—Whew! It must be fifteen below zero. I'm half frozen!

Mrs. Youngwife—So you are! Now, be sure you warm yourself thoroughly before you go near Lucius—remember! He's so sensitive, Lucius is!

Henry—And I've got one of my beastly headaches, too.

Mrs. Youngwife (to Caller)—Oh, dear, you can't guess how those headaches worry me! Suppose he should transmit them to Lucius—he's so hereditary, Lucius is!

The Caller (forseeing a domestic disturbance)—I must say good-bye. I've made too long a call already.

Mrs. Youngwife (suddenly becoming listeningly oblivious)—Hark!

Henry (striving to save the situation)—Oh, no; it's not so at all late. You mustn't—

Mrs. Youngwife (aforzando)—Henry! Will you keep still a moment? I'm certain I hear—oh, merry me! (Rushes out.)

Henry (as if this explained all explainable things)—It's Lucius!

[Mrs. Youngwife's voice heard from upper regions in mingled expostulation, reproach, wrath, grief and commiseration. Hibernian accents reply. Infantile shrieks follow.]

The Caller (panic-stricken) — Good-bye! (Hastily escapes.)

[Noise gradually subsides through a lengthened diminuendo, occupying fifteen minutes. Reenter Mrs. Youngwife, in a high state of excitement.]

Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, what do you think? The wretched Ellen had left him—actually left him, the faithless thing, when she'd only been sitting there three hours—and the poor, dear, blessed little angel—

Henry (with a worm-will-turn sort of calmness)—Well.

Mrs. Youngwife—Had waked up—waked up I say—

Henry (still calm)—What of it?

Mrs. Youngwife (remarkably near hysterics) —What of it? What of it? When Lucius is a father, Lucius never will say, "What of it?" when his wife tells him—oh, haven't you any feelings? Lucius would have. He, at least, will be paternal, Lucius will! For Lucius—

Henry (in utter desperation)—Con-found Lucius! A Tempest with Thunder and Lightning! Curtain, quick as may be.]

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Trinity Talk.

I hear that Mr. G. E. Powell, '88, who, since his graduation has been living at his home in Victoria, B. C., will return to Toronto in a few days and will enter upon his legal studies here.

Rev. Lenox Smith, L. T. '85, paid a visit to the college on Monday. He has lately returned to Canada from England, where he has been completing his divinity studies at Ely College. We believe he will assist Prof. Roper in parish work at St. Thomas'.

By the resignation of Professor Roper, Keble Professor in divinity, the college loses an able lecturer. By his kind and considerate manner Mr. Roper has endeared himself to the students who are filled with regret at his departure. The reverend professor gives up his chair from a love for practical work in the church, and will take charge of the parish of St. Thomas after Christmas.

The students are now in the midst of Christmas college examinations which commenced on Thursday last. These events, which are anything but pleasurable, end on Wednesday next and on the following day most of the students will homeward bie for the Christmas Vac.

The editors appointed by the students of the Medical College on the staff of the *Review* were elected last week. The gentlemen are Messrs. C. P. Clark, B.A., H. D. Quarry, J. T. Fotheringham, B.A., and McKay. These with two editors from Convocation and five arts editors, form a brilliant board of editorial lights.

The concert which was arranged for Thursday of last week, did not come off owing to press of other engagements of the students. It is to be hoped that when the examinations are over, one of these smoking concerts will be held as a *finale* to the Michaelmas term, and as a merry meeting before breaking up for the vacation.

Episcopon will not appear this term although I hope that in future he will not be treated with such disregard. Those extremely rebellious beings, the editors, whom no man is supposed to know, except the scribe, do not appear to be doing anything material for their master. They have remained entirely in cloud-land this term, and consequently there has not been the usual speculation among the undergrads as to their personalities. By a custom as immovable as the laws of the Medes and Persians the editors of *Episcopon* are not to be known to the rest of the college. They are appointed privately by their individual predecessor on leaving Trinity and the secrecy is usually very well preserved. In former times the personality of the editors was always a fruitful topic of discussion, and when there was nothing else to talk about, this subject would always occasion an animated conversation.

After a most successful career for the first term of the present year the Literary Institute held its final meeting for 1888 on Friday night. Mr. Lowe's essay on A Day on the Borders of Durham and Yorkshire, was a capital description of English country life, whose vividness was thoroughly appreciated by the meeting. Mr. Carter Troop read a Senator Entangled with excellent dramatic force, and rendered this humorous selection with telling effect. The debate consisted of an open discussion on Mr. Rider Haggard's novels. Messrs. Thomson, Lowe, Martin and Troop spoke on the question and the audience decided that the popularity of the novelist's works was an index of the bad taste of the novel-reading public. The vote of censure referred to last week was allowed to drop and the meeting adjourned until next January. The chair was acceptably filled by Mr. Waller. ERYX.

Varsity Chat.

Last Christmas when President Wilson refused to sign applications for railway tickets early enough to suit the majority a great indignation meeting was held, the famous Mr. Higgins in the chair. Negotiations were carried on directly with the company and an agreement arrived at whereby students wishing to return home for Christmas might obtain tickets at the usual reduction on presentation of an application signed by the chairman.

This year it is understood that lectures are to continue till Friday, December 21. Accordingly a committee is now treating with the companies. So much for co-operation and the abolition of middlemen.

Messrs. Stagg and Reynolds, the Yale delegation to the college Y. M. C. A., have come and gone, and left a decidedly favorable impression. They are both thorough students who can sing a college song in tip-top style; fine combinations of athletics and Christianity.

Mr. Stagg, who reminded us of our own Pete Wood, is a clear, sensible talker. He dwelt upon the details of Y. M. C. A work in Yale in a thoroughly practical manner. Mr. Reynolds, being evidently of a more imaginative turn of mind, eloquently reviewed the development of Christian work in the colleges of America and elsewhere, and sketched its probable future. We hope these men will come again.

When the chairman, F. B. Hodgins, B. A., expressed the belief that should any of us go to Yale and tell them we were students from Toronto University, we would be heartily welcomed, it was evident from the laughter and applause on the part of the Yale men that he had hit the nail on the head.

Professor Ashley lectured on Wednesday afternoon at the Political Science Club, on Toignbee, the Social Reformer of Oxford. The Professor throws considerable light on Oxford life and methods of thought.

Last Tuesday evening a reception was given to the students of this University in the parlors of the Metropolitan Church. Henceforth receptions will be held regularly on Thursday evenings. This is an act of intelligent kindness on the part of our friends in that church which we appreciate highly. It is just the thing. NEMO.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BEITH—On December 3, at Bowmanville, Mrs. A. Beith—a son.

DOUGLAS—On November 18, at Toronto, Mrs. W. M. Douglas—a son.

FURNIVAL—On December 4, at Toronto, Mrs G. Maurice Furnival—a daughter.

FINKS—On November 17, at London, England, Mrs. Edwin C. Finks—a son.

SCHOLEFIELD—On December 4, at Oakville, Mrs. G. M. D. Scholefield—a son.

ROBINSON—On November 20, at Belleville, Mrs. Alfred G. A. Robinson—a son.

TRUAX—On December 2, at Toronto, Mrs. R. Truax—a son.

WHYTE—On November 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Whyte—a son.

DILLON—On November 26, at Toronto, Mrs. R. W. Dillon—a son.

WALLACE—On December 4, at Woodbridge, Mrs. R. T. Wallace—a son.

OUIMET—On December 2, at Montreal, Mrs. J. Alderic Ouimet—a daughter.

WILSON—On November 30, at Riverside, California, Mrs. J. D. Wilson—a daughter.

WILLIAMSON—On December 8, at Toronto, Mrs. William Williamson—a son.

VARDON—On December 8, at Toronto, Mrs. M. M. Vardon—a daughter.

MUNRO—On November 29, at Port Arthur, Mrs. John M. Munro—a son.

HINGSTON—On December 4, at Montreal, Mrs. Hingston—a son.

PARKE—On November 10, at Kenton, Ohio, Mrs. J. F. Parke—a daughter.

BURT—On November 30, at Ridgetown, Ontario, Mrs. A. F. Burt—a daughter.

LIDDELL—On December 1, at Montreal, Mrs. W. Liddell—a daughter.

DRUMMOND—On December 3, at Montreal, Mrs. A. Per y Drummond—a son.

HOWLAND—On December 10, at Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Henry S. Howland, jr.—a son.

Marriages.

BAYLIS—BENSLEY—On November 19, at Sydenham, England, Frank Philip Baylis of Calcutta, to Mary Bensley of Calcutta.

BUCKNELL—WARD—On November 16, at Sydenham, England, Samuel Bucknell to Beatrice Elizabeth Ward of Haselwood, Sydenham.

CUNNINGHAM—THOMPSON—On December 3, at Toronto, Jas. D. Cunningham to Annie Charlotte Thompson of Toronto.

EYRE—PERRY—On November 20, G. F. C. Eyre of Brighton, to Ada B. Perry.

ELLIOTT—KENNEDY—On December 4, at Toronto, J. E. Elliott, M D., to Jeannie Kennedy.

RITCHIE—BOWEN—On November 28, at Hatley, Que., William W. Ritchie to Emily Shimson Bowen of Compton, Quebec.

SUGDEN—BUSH—On November 18, at Newchwang, North China, Arthur Sugden of Reigate, Surrey, England, to Edith Lilian Bush of Newchwang, North China.

BOYD—ADAIR—On December 5, at Toronto, Edward J. Boyd to Lilian Adair of Toronto.

MCCREE—CLARKE—On December 4, at Bracebridge, Robert R. McCree of Toronto, to Anna Elizabeth Clarke.

CHAMBERLAIN—ARMSTRONG—On November 28, at Melvoro', P.Q., William M. Chamberlain to Jessie E. Armstrong.

CLOSE—BULLOCK—On December 4, at Stratford, Archie Close to Emily Bullock of Stratford.

JAMIESON—MUNROE—On December 4, at Toronto, Alexander Jamieson to Mary M. Munroe.

BURWASH—HUBBELL—On December 5, at Ottawa, Arthur Burwash of Arnprior, to Frances Elizabeth Hubbell of Arnprior.

WARAM—CLAYPOLE—On November 28, at Whitby, F. E. Waram to Alice W. Claypole of London, Ont.

FOWLER—COX—On December 3, at Ottawa, Frederick E. Fowler of Toronto, to Sarah Cox.

WATTS—POINGDESTRE—On December 4, at Toronto, Arthur Marshall Watts to Mary Vidal Poingdestre.

MCMULLEN—MARTIN—On November 11, at Mono Mills, Robert McMullen to Mary Jane Martin of Albion.

O'CONNOR—CASEY—On November 30, at Montreal, Patrick Henry O'Connor to Katie Casey of Montreal.

MCWHINNIE—ADAMS—On December 5, at Toronto, George McWhinnie of Montreal, to Mrs. John Adams.

Deaths.

CUTHBERT—On December 5, at Toronto, John Cuthbert of Balmoral, R.C., aged 43 years.

KAY—On December 5, at Montreal, John Kay, aged 48 years.

LEAR—On December 5, at Toronto, Richard Henry Lear, aged 55 years.

MCNAUGHTON—On December 3, at St. Andrew's, Que., Donald Plaisted McNaughton, M.D., aged 54 years.

MCLEOD—On December 2, at Oxford, N.S., Euphemia Lawrence McLeod.

TOOZE—On December 4, at Toronto, Florence Tooze, aged 19 years.

BAIN—On December 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Jessie M. Bain, aged 55 years.

CLAY—On December 6, at Lachine, Que., Mary Talbot Clay, aged 22 years.

DOUBLEDEE—On November 27, at Raymond, Neb., Jas. Doubledee, aged 53 years.

ELLIS—On November 30, at Ellisboro', N.W.T., George Ellis, formerly of Toronto.

EMPEY—On December 6, at Harriston, M. P. Empey, aged 81 years.

MITCHELL—On December 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Eliza Mitchell of Simcoe.

PUGH—On December 8, at Toronto, Wm. Carrington Pugh, aged 39 years.

RYRIE—On December 9, at Toronto James Ryrie, aged 71 years.

MEAD—On December 9, at Toronto, John Mead, aged 83 years.

SMITH—On December 3, at Toronto, Fred. G. Smith, aged 35 years.

MCKEOUGH—On December 7, at Chatham, William McKeough, aged 64 years.

MCMAHON—On December 5, at Toronto, Mary Ann McMahon.

COOTE—On December 4, at London, Robert Coote, aged 71 years.

LEWIS—On December 4, at Kingston, Mary Lewis, aged 65 years.

EWART—On December 10, at Toronto, Fannie Dinnis Ewart, aged 27 years.

HODGSON—On December 10, at Toronto, Elizabeth Hodgson, aged 73 years.

BETHUNE—On December 5, at Chicago, Frank A. Bethune, aged 21 years.

KEARNEY—On December 3, at Boston, Mass., John J. Kearney, of Toronto.

BRUCE—On November 30, at Ridgetown, Mr. James Bruce, aged 57 years.

PEARSON—On December 5, at Weston, George Pearson, aged 89 years.

ALEXANDER—On December 4, at Ben-Accord, Norman Alexander, aged ten months.

MCCONKEY—On November 25, at West Zorra, Thomas McConkey, aged 72 years.

WALBRIDGE—On December 4, at Bowmanville, Annie Walbridge.

SPALDING—On November 14, at Port Hope, Margaret Cleghorn Spalding, aged 71 years.

GILES—On December 3, Susannah Giles, aged 59 years.

MCBRIDE—On December 3, at Claude, Daniel McBride, aged 84 years.

THOMPSON—At Toronto, Amina Victoria Thompson, aged 51 years.

MACDONELL—On December 1, at Kingston, Myles O'Riely MacDonell, aged 22 years.

GREAVES—On December 2, at Kingston, Edwin J. Greaves, aged 53 years.

BELL—On November 30, at Pembroke, Mary Ann Wight Bell, aged 57 years.

HALL—On December 5, at Hamilton, Ella Hall, aged 41 years.

SIMMONS—On December 5, in Hamilton, John Simmons, aged 49 years.

DOBIE—On December 3, at Thessalon, Algoma, John Dobie, aged 53 years.

GIBSON—On November 17, at South Boston, Mass., Rebecca H Gibson, aged 68 years

BROWN—On December 6, at Moulinette, Que., Rev. W. D. Brown, aged 79 years.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

A Clever Cow.

A Dieppe correspondent of the *Spectator* writes: "I saw a very curious thing the other day. We were walking in the country past a lot of large orchards, and we noticed that the cows that were feeding in them had their heads fastened down by a kind of bearing-rein, so that they could graze, but could not raise their heads to eat from the trees. While we were looking we noticed a cow go up to an apple-tree and wedge in the stem between her horns and neck, and deliberately shake the tree and bring down a shower of apples; she and the others ate them up, and then she went to another tree and shook that, and so on. It was the funniest thing I ever saw; she always chose young trees that would shake easily. I pointed it out to a Frenchwoman standing near, and said she she had often watched them, and thought how clever the cow was. It was always the same cow that did it, and she did it as systematically as a schoolboy, never attempting to shake an old stiff tree."

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800 Dress Lengths—All-wool, Black and Colored,

A good all-wool Black Cashmere Dress, full length, at $2.25.
" " Satin Finish Henrietta Dress, full length, $3.15.
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Special—50 pieces Scotch Tweed Suitings, worth 30c., we will throw on our counters and sell at 12½c.

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300 Street Jackets, $2 up.
100 Tweed Ulsters, $5 up.
150 Fine Melton Cloth Ulsters, $6 up.
50 Ladies' Heavy Cloth Wraps, $4 up.
100 Children's Mantles in Tweed and Melton from $2 up.

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Ladies' Sealette and Plush Mantles To order our specialty, at very low prices all this week.

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250 doz. Ladies' Fancy Handkerchiefs, 50c. per doz., worth 90c.
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In the office of the Singer Manufacturing Company, 66 King street west, there is at present a magnificent exhibition of fancy needlework executed on the world-famed Singer sewing machine, at the company's office here. This display is well worthy of the careful inspection of Toronto ladies. It embraces banners, bannerettes, sofa cushions, curtains, lambrequins, pincushions, handkerchief sachets, toilet bottles, etc., in plush, satin, velvet and silk embroidered as skilfully, delicately and artistically as is done by the deft fingers of some fair society dame. By recent improvements the Singer machine is capable of doing this work as readily as it does the plain sewing which was pretty much all the old-fashioned sewing machine was ever known to do. The specimens of embroidery are in the main samples of silk edging and arasene work though several studies of dogs, birds and flowers done in the South Kensington stitch show the versatile nature of the work which the Singer machines can be made to produce.

Among the novelties shown are a lady's reception dress of pale blue, elaborately embroidered down the front, with a neat pattern of flowers and leaves; a toilet table with blue plush upholsterings, embroidered with calla lillies and other flowers in arasene work; two mantel lambrequins embroidered in silk edging, mantel and toilet table ornaments, sofa cushions, plush-framed toilet mirrors, fire screens and wall and parlor table bannerettes all attract attention by their beauty of design and elegance of execution.

All of this work can be done on the cabinet drop machine manufactured by the Singer Co. By means of noiseless and readily adjustable springs the machine itself sinks into the cabinet, which can be inclosed and thus converted into a neat black walnut table. This machine is manufactured with all the latest improvements introduced into the Singer Manufacturing Company's popular sewing machines. When embroidery such as this can be produced by these simple means, there is no reason why the homes of the people should not be beautified with specimens of art needlework as exquisitely beautiful as any that adorns "the mansions of the rich and the palaces of the great."

Forgetting His Native Tongue.

Mr. Crœsus (to luxury-loving young wife)—My dear, there are only two of us in the house. Is there any need for so many servants?

Mrs. Crœsus—Why, Mr. Crœsus, you are very, very wealthy. The servants do not draw heavily on such a banking account as yours.

Mr. Crœsus—It isn't the expense, dear, but it seems so like a foreign boarding-house; and between the French maid, the Italian cook, the Irish coachman, the German footman, and the Yankee chamber maid, I am forgetting my native tongue.

An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress, just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking or cutaway coat, instead of this cutaway suit a four button sack may be worn, in which the coat, waistcoat and trowsers should always be of the same goods. For the sack suit also Scotch tweed or cheviot would be the best material. For traveling the hat should be a Derby the shade of which should harmonize with the color of the suit. A black Derby may be understood as harmonizing with any traveling suit, but in case a brown hat is worn it should always be a darker shade than the suit. Apart from his trunks in the baggage car the traveler will do well to carry an extra suit of clothes in a sizable valise. This should be a three button cutaway coat of black diagonal, waistcoat to match, and striped trowsers. With this the traveler always has ready to hand an acceptable costume for spending the day in town, in cases where his trunks might, perchance, not be for the time available. Much might be said of the difference between summer and winter traveling, but a hint at this season is sufficient. The above styles in the finest imported goods to be had from the fashionable West End tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1, Rossin House Block, Toronto.

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BIONDINA, B flat, C and E flat. F. N. Lohr—50c.
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Reserved seats at the piano warerooms of Messrs. Suckling & Sons—50 cents and $1; gallery, 25 cents.

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$9, $10.50, $12, $15, $18, $21, $24.

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NOBBY AND NEAT

Equal in every respect to the finest custom work. Selling during the sale at net wholesale figures. Those in need should certainly call.

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WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

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Several very choice ones at $150.00 each. Short Seal Jackets $90.00, $100.00. All our furs are sold at close wholesale prices

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GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1889

Will Undertake the Job!

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